THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

Come, when the sunbeams o'er the distant mountains
Blossom in purple mists from dews and streams,
We'll watch the graceful wreaths rise from the fountains
While whispering each to each our pleasant dreams.
Ah, sweet it is through spicy woods to wander,
Reading with some dear friend from Nature's page,
Catching sweet tones where crystal brooks meander,
With lessons deeper than Divine's or Sage.

Perchance, in future years, our paths may sever,
Lying apart with spaces wide between,
Upon our faces eyes of each may never
Rest in kind glances as the past has seen.
If sometimes, as it will, thy heart grows weary
Turning in sickness from the haunts of men,—
Come from the dark and chilling shadows dreary,
In thought, at least, dear friend, come to me then.

Come with the twilight when the fire beams shimmer
Across the hearth and out upon the floor.
Sit down beside me—take my hand; the glimmer
Of one pale star is seen beyond the door.
That star is Hope, and I, the true handmaiden
And Priestess of that star will bid thee rise,
Lay on Hope's altar cares thy soul have laden—
They pass in smoke—a welcome sacrifice!

The incense rises. See, it floats to heaven
And wreaths the form of an unuttered prayer
Bowed low before the Throne. To it is given
A radiance purer than yon evening star!
God loves these modest, meek, *heartfelt* petitions,
No matter if the lips ne'er frame a word.
Prayer is not prayer, except from such conditions
As those that come when heart and soul are stirred.

Now purified, we'll leave all thoughts of sadness
And wander through Arcadia's blissful lands.
Ah! what a sense of pure and hallowed gladness
Trembles from heart to heart through clasping hands!
Sit down; the air is full of spicy sweetness.
See how the moonbeams shimmer o'er the stream.
This hour is Eden-like for full completeness,
With its dear, blissful, all entrancing dream.

Close thy dark eyes; their glance is too oppressing,
With so much love within their dreamy depth.
I'll seal them with a gentle lip caressing,
Like the young Fairy's while her Elf-King slept.
Fall gently dews, and murmur sweet ye fountains!
Play lightly, fragrant breeze, across his brow!
Cast back your shadows, friendly, star-crowned mountains,
Sleep, friend, from carking cares forgetful now!

I'll watch thee while the moon rides through the billow
Of snow-white cloud upheaved o'er starry sky,
Filtering soft beams around the mossy pillow
Where in repose my darling's head may lie.
I'll kneel beside thee while the night wanes slowly,
Drawing dusk shadows from rock, hill, and tree,
And to our loving Lord, divine, pure, holy,
I'll lift my voice in earnest prayer for thee.

DRIFTING APART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HARRIS BYRNE.

PART FIRST.

After the fashion of her kind, Corinne Cortelieu imagined that the world stood still upon the day of her graduation; hushed itself to silence while listening to her valedictory; and moved with swifter pulses immediately thereafter. Because the stately dowagers fluttered around her with their congratulations, and the white-clad maidens caressed her, and the pink-cravated youths toasted her at the evening's fete which crowned the joyous day, she believed in them and in herself—little recking of the time when she should lose faith in both.

Being eighteen she was happy—being rich she was courted; for the rest, an only child, with no memories in the past to check her, and no fears in the future to thwart her hopes, what wonder that life lay before her strewn with rose leaves?

So, with a sigh of delight, she tossed the Greek Lexicon, crammed Legendre and Universal Science among a heap of their multifarious predecessors; and, sorting her essays, tied them and various infinitesimal notes with bits of blue ribbon, to be laid away in her port-folio. Since the aforesaid notes were written on the sweetest of pink-tinted paper, with gold edges—commenced "My dearest," and ended with "Thine Own" or "Ever Thine Own True Friend"—and since the writers thereof were scattered the length and breadth of the land—Corinne Cortelieu may be pardoned for heaving a few sentimental sighs over their contents; inasmuch as, a few years after she having learned the par value of school girl vows, the evanescence of school girl friendship, they were indignantly resurrected, to discover their fate—where some misanthropic philosopher asserts that all "our hopes, our fears, our vows so true," must end—in a heap of ashes.

Then she hastened the lagging fingers of wearied mantua-makers; packed her trunks, or rather superintended that important operation; and, casting the past behind her like a wornout garment, sped to the sea-side, ready for whatever marches that will-o'-the-wisp, the future, might lead her.

Some women are born queens—step to their thrones from babyhood, assume the royal purple with short clothes, and wield their childish rattle as it were a sceptre. So through girlhood, head of their clique, yet ruling with such gracious sweetness that none can wish them less.

I think Miss Cortelieu must have been one of these. Be that as it may, she walked through the summer with such a royal self consciousness as called about her a train of followers—grave senators, hoary judges, brainless fops, and brilliant literati—who, by their numbers and attention, drew upon themselves the half-sarcastic soubriquet of "The Corinne Guards."

As for the women, they admired and envied her in a breath, and ended by adoring her. Belles, of five years' standing, left their old ways and strove to catch her trick of face or finger—to assume her mingled air of haughtiness and naivete. Corinne affected white and looked charming therein, therefore the sea-side parlors, porches, and by-ways, cooled themselves with evanescent snow-drifts. Because she coiffed her hair in all peculiar ways—each the more charming than the last—the sea-side faces, old and young, round, oval or angular, peered between a mass of ringlets; looked severely intellectual from beneath bands of hair arranged a la Grieque; or edifyingly serious under a weight of drooping braids. At these arts, to send Time backward, Society, piercing the filmsy veil, laughed and sneered, and laughed again, returning with greater zest to its new idol as yet undiscrowned.

One sultry July afternoon, Corinne sat upon the portico of the hotel, surrounded by maids of honor and as many of her guards. One of the latter—young Tom Gillespie—crouched at her feet to hold the wool she was winding, to another she tossed a bon mot, to a third discoursed brilliant sense; and, being all things to all men, charmed by variety. Near her, enthroned in the depths of an easy chair, sat Mrs. Cortelieu—a fair, frail face, a fragile form, as she bent forward so listen to her daughter's sallies, smiled back an answering smile to her look of affection, or with gentle gravity reproved, when—as was too often the case—Corinne's wit bordered on the irreverent—she seemed one of those sweet old ladies whose souls assume their angelhood ere yet the earthly shell is dropped forever.

Two new comers formed an accession to the group, themselves unseen. One of these was an old man, white-haired, gray-bearded, yet erect and stalwart. His haughty blue eyes had lost none of their pride, his firm mouth none of its strength, and in his heart the fires of youth evidently smouldered beneath the ashes of age. This was Mr. Cortelieu.

His companion, Angus Lafarge, was tall and swarthy; dark-bearded and mustached—brown of hair and eyes—the latter with cool light in them. In his manner was a mingled strength and gentleness, veiled by an air half haughty, half sarcastic. Not a man to be described in a paragraph, or made acquainted with in a single day, he was one of those before whom men forget their coarseness and women their frivolity, lifting their souls to higher things.

For the rest, a bachelor of thirty; junior partner of the firm in which Mr. Cortelieu was head, and resident of his house; he had found the city intolerable, whether by reason of the heat, or from weightier motives, may be conjectured. So, with Mr. Cortelieu for compagnon-de-voyage, he had arrived in the afternoon's boat, and now, bathed and refreshed, was silently noting the group before him.

"Corinne has found her power early," said her father, laughingly.

"Yes," answered Mr. Lafarge; "and having 'suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange,' is—" he was interrupted by the long, reverberating notes of the supper gong. The party on the piazza slowly resolved itself into couples; and Corinne, having assisted her mother to rise, was about taking the proffered arm of Mr. Gillespie, when her eyes fell upon the occupants of the doorway, and exclaiming,

"Oh! excuse me, Tom, but there is papa and Angus," swept forward to meet them.

After the greeting, her mother having joined them, they moved on, Corinne's arm in that of Mr. Lafarge's, her eyes raised to meet his, her voice answering, questioning, commenting.

Poor Tom Gillespie gazed after the retreating figures in silent wrath and amazement, only venting his anger in a single ejaculation of "the deuce it is." A handsome young fellow, good-hearted as the world goes, unselfish as far as a thoughtless man can be unselfish, he yet lacked force of character, both morally and intellectually. Having met Corinne the previous winter, he became acquainted with her during the intimacies of the present social life; and feeling in himself a blind want, this lack of something, found it more than compensated in her latent strength and energy—discovered in her "the soul above his soul, power to uplift his power," and so fell to adoring her as only weak natures can love the strong.

Miss Cortelieu had taken quite a fancy to his gay ways, and the fresh, warm heart shining up through his honest eyes; and being very orthodox in some particulars, and very heterodox in most others, had dissuaded him from sherry-cobblers, and coaxed the postponement of Sunday fishing excursions to occasions more appropriate. Farther than this no more favor had been shown him than to any of the rest, and when he saw Corinne's reception of Angus Lafarge, he would have given his right hand to have received the like. Such characters always have a vein of dogged purpose underlying their vacillation, which only a great emergency can call to the surface, and as Tom stood watching Corinne's retreating figure, he declared to himself that he loved her; that with her for his wife he might make something in the world, without her life would be purposeless, and by George! it should go hard with him if he did not win her yet.

There was to be a hop that night, and after supper and his evening's cigar, Angus went to his room, donned dress-coat and white cravat as if under protest, and drawing on his gloves, waited at the door of Corinne's room for her appearance. She came forth presently clad in the usual dress of white, a scarlet thread about her neck, clasped by a ruby tipped with flame, and in her hair the petals of some strange alien blossom that seemed dipped in blood. Surrounded by that impalpable perfume exhaled from beds of violet and sunny heliotrope, her soul astir with a restless fire that pulsed from heart to finger-tips, lending new splendor to her eyes, a soft bloom to her cheek—never had she seemed to him so lovely, never so far away.

A mirror pictured them as they stood—he tall, dark, and stately; she the personation of all freshness, grace and beauty. One moment his arms upraised as if to enfold her, the next closed over a dead hope—a new-born heartache that lay there afterward many a year. Was it her face or his fancy only that told him this bloom was not for him? this freshness could form no true alliance to his age—an age more of heart than of years.

He spoke; repressed emotion gave a harshness to his tones that chilled her, and checked the joyous heart that had bounded at his presence. A rim of coolness here first edged itself between them that as time progressed grew wider, and thus two souls that heretofore had walked in company, drifted unconsciously apart.

Mr. Lafarge did not dance, and Miss Cortelieu had scarcely entered the ball-room, when half-a-dozen applicants for her hand surrounded her—the first and favored one being Tom Gillespie, to whom Angus relinquished her. A hidden hurt stings some souls into keener life, and Corinne feeling a strange, new pang, yet laughed and danced and jested; rose superior to the pain at last, as the lights and music completed their sensuous intoxication, and, finally, being pressed to sing, allowed it to exhale in tones whose passion thrilled all hearts.

Angus stood near her silent and dismayed; none knowing better than he the splendid possibilities underlying her as yet but half-formed nature; none feeling as did he the wealth of that prize erewhile considered his own, yet just now eluding his grasp—and, with a half-formed resolve he stepped forward as she ceased, and offering her his arm said,

"You are warm—shall we walk?"

She arose, nodding assent. They passed out of the crowded rooms, and, as the night air struck her, he folded her burnous about her form with a lingering tenderness that fell just short of a caress.

She hung upon his arm, singing in a little low voice,

"Oh! come into the garden, Maud,
The black bat night hath flown,"

then with a touch of consciousness, lapsed into silence.

As they walked on, the ghost of Angus's purpose rose to life a moment, gasped for breath to feed its fires—and died away in gloom.

Above them hung great depths of starless darkness, below them stretched white reaches of level sands, around them the mist folded itself like a mantle, and afar off rose the light house lamp—moon of a northern sky. Over the bar the sheets of foam, tipped with a spectral light, gathered and broke apart, rolled inward, and subsided at their feet with sullen roar.

In the presence of sublimity all mere personalities must be swallowed up, and the tumult in Angus's soul, calmed by the tumult without, lost itself in immensity. One hand held in its firm, large grasp the slighter one of his companion, and after a space turning to her as if involuntarily, he asked,

"Corinne, what is this?"

"This," answered the girl, fearfully, "this is Eternity, and life is too beautiful to leave it yet. Let us away."

As they turned, one on the beach struck a match with which to light his cigar. The flame flared in his face a moment ere it died away, revealing the gay untroubled features of Tom Gillespie, who, having lost his star, had come partly to search for, partly to dream of her.

"Is that you, Tom?" said Miss Cortelieu, and then without waiting for his joyous reply, continued, "oh! I am so glad. I feel just as if I had touched the borders of another world. The waves look like wraiths, and Angus himself but little better than a silent spectre."

"But you look real," she resumed, taking his arm, and emphasizing her assertion with a gentle pinch, "and the odor of that cigar is too palpable to be ghostly. Come, Angus," and the three wended their way to the hotel.

There Mr. Lafarge seeing with a thrill of remorse how pale Corinne looked, coaxed her and Tom to his bachelor sitting room; where, producing a flask of the far-famed aqua-marabilis, he gravely declared it to have been distilled beneath Eastern moons, from dews steeped in the lotus bloom, and brought to him sealed in the chalice of a lotus lily, by his friend Borriboola Gha.

The three sipped the rosy cordial, drank *tres bien sentes*, and clinked glasses till after midnight; when Angus showing them his watch, laughingly turned them out of his apartments, and with a sigh watched the handsome couple as hand in hand they ran lightly along the corridor to their respective rooms.

Always skeptical with regard to his power of pleasing the only one he had ever cared for, the previous evening's experience had robbed Angus Lafarge of the last vestige of assurance, and becoming a sadder man he also grew a colder one. Always grave, his smile became rarer, his speech less; his attentions to Corinne and all her sex, so infrequent, that Rumor, which had first declared him courteous and distingue, and assigned him his position as Miss Cortelieu's cavalier in particular, changed her tune and voted him a perfect bear. As for Corinne, his manner puzzled her, his coldness chilled, and calling him to account one day half jesting, half in earnest, he replied with a strange warmth,

"You mistake, Corinne, it is yourself is changed, not me." She turned away half angered, and after that silence fell between them.

As for Tom Gillespie, placed on a more familiar footing with Miss Cortelieu, hope added richer largess. A girl of eighteen lives a life of intuitions, of impressions, and Corinne, with clear eyes, could discern who of her train of followers sought her for wealth, who for her beauty, who for pastime; and finding in Tom that perfect love and self-abnegation so touching to generous souls—so new a revelation to girls of her age—began to feel an answering glow—a dim reflection of his own, could she but have known it—which holds the same relation to love that the "frail March" anemone bears to the rose of June."

The dearest wish of her father and mother was to see Corinne the wife of Angus Lafarge; a wish which they had wisely left unexpressed, and now relinquished with a sigh. Next to him they would as lief have Tom Gillespie for a son-in-law as any one, perhaps more than most others; his position being equal to their own, his wealth greater, his probity and affection undoubted. So Corinne with none to aid her, no hand outstretched to save her from the fate of an unloving wife, and wrapped in an unconscious dream from which time would surely and too rudely awaken her, slowly drifted with the tide.

One golden sunset towards the close of summer, the two paced slowly on the sands, she, gazing at the far-off ships; he, vainly striving to utter words which should seal his fate.

Corinne was the first to break the silence.

"Do you know, Tom, I'm going to Glen Haven next week," said she. "I expect it will be dreadfully stupid after being here."

"No! What for?" answered Tom, his heart in his mouth.

"Oh, papa has some relation, a fussy old grand-aunt or cousin, I don't know which, whom he thinks a deal of and wants me to visit. Besides they live in an ancient house, a century old, I believe, where papa was born. I suppose I ought to want to see it on that account, but there are so many legends connected with the place, that I shall feel quite nervous to sleep there of nights."

Corinne's words unconsciously precipitated fate; for although Tom had discovered that the afternoon light was too broad, too real for such confession, yet he determined within himself not to postpone it another day; in pursuance of which resolution, he asked Miss Cortelieu if she were too tired to walk with him again after supper, to which, unconscious of his real meaning, she answered "no."

Corinne returned that night with the amethyst ring of the Gillespies'—a purple heart of fire set in gold points like a king's crown—burning on her forefinger, and in her heart a strange weight, an oppression that threatened to stifle her.

The parlor was empty, and Tom, with a new air of tenderness and protection in his manner, led her to a seat. Then blushing and trembling like a girl, left her to demand audience of her parents. He returned presently, his handsome face perfectly radiant with joy; he folded her in his arms, dropped kisses on her lips, and unnoting her weary eyes, pale face, and preoccupied air, murmured, "Oh, my darling, my darling, I have found you at last!"

The next morning Corinne dragged herself from her bed, and looking out of the window found the day in consonance with her thoughts—gray, drear—"all sallow with a night of rain."

Not old enough to have learnt to analyze her feelings, she wondered if all girls felt as she did when they were engaged—imagined it must be caused by the novelty of her position—and shuddered as she remembered that Tom had a right to demand a morning kiss. Then, dressing herself like a picture of penance in suit of ashen grey, she threw around her a crimson shawl, whose graceful folds caressingly defined the outlines of her figure, and descended to the breakfast-room.

There, trifling with her toast and coffee, she received the banter of her parents, at first good-naturedly; afterwards rose in strange haste and vexation, declaring that these east winds always set her temper on edge, and whoever did not wish to be cut by her sarcasm must leave her to herself. Mr. and Mrs. Cortelieu looked at her in amazement, and poor Tom, more in sorrow than in anger, asked:

"And I, too, Corinne?"

"And you too, Thomas," was the haughty reply as she swept away.

Later in the day, in a fit of sudden remorse at seeing Tom's gay face so overclouded, she reinstated him in her favor—allowed his caresses, returned them even, and made his heart so happy, that, forgetting her coolness, he loved her more than ever.

The afternoon being too rainy for out-door amusement, a circle surrounded her, begging her to read aloud for their entertainment. She complied, and picking up a volume of Owen Meredith's, had just finished the lines—

"One handfull of their buoyant chaff exceeds our
hoards of careful grain,
Because their love breaks through their laugh,
while ours is fraught with tender pain.
The world, that knows itself too sad, is proud to
keep some faces glad"—

when, happening to look up, she met Angus's eyes bent on hers. Something in his gaze chilled and saddened her—a touch of conviction flushed her face for an instant, and died away, leaving her pale as death. Shivering, she turned to meet the long look of love in Tom's eyes, and feeling the need of warmth, sunned herself in his glance.

"To-morrow is fixed upon for our hegira," said Corinne to Tom, upon a moonlight evening of the following week. "Let us go and bid the sad sea-waves farewell."

Followed by Mrs. Cortelieu and Angus, they wandered for an hour on the beach.

Corinne leaned on her lover's arm, pale and silent.

"What makes you so sad, my darling?" asked he. "Next summer we will all come back gayer than ever—you shall queen it, and I—"

"Oh! don't say so, Tom," interrupted Corinne with a sudden touch of premonition. "Next summer? Why, we may all be dead.

She sang a little song:

"One dead summer never shall return,
In its ashes no red embers burn;
Over it vainly the tired soul may yearn,
It is dead, wept, buried—how can it return?"

And, so singing, led the way to the house.

Arriving at Glen Haven the next day, Miss Cortelieu felt as if she were at the antipodes.

The quaint old house oppressed her; it stood upon a river's margin, the wash of whose waters filled her with a vague, undefinable sadness; the very cry of the katydids was full of lonesomeness; and Corinne, who usually repelled Tom's caresses, clung to his hand as they sat on the porch under cover of the darkness, feeling, in its answering warmth and pressure, a palpable protection.

Her grand uncle and aunt—kind, aged souls—paid all the attention they possibly could to Corinne's comfort, which—they being paralytic, and unable to move without assistance—was not much to speak of; and her Cousin Ruth—staid, sensible, middle-aged, withal warm-hearted as a girl—strove to entertain her guest with legends of the ancient house, which, like all familiar things, to her had lost their terrors. Pointing Tom and Corinne to a second-story window under which they sat, she finished her narration by an account of a fearful freshet which had taken place during her girlhood's days. She told them how she had been saved by a boat, into which she had stepped from that self-same window, and rode through the submerged streets of half the town, to a place of safety, while her boy-brother, rashly attempting to swim, was carried by the force of the tide far below the dam, and so drowned.

Through Corinne's dreams that night, there floated drifting forms, with boyish, upturned faces—pathetic with death's paleness—up and down the room stalked spectres, who, hanging on tiptoe beside her bed, gazed at her from beneath helmeted brows, with great staring eyes, and vanished in mid air. So that she declared

to Tom the next day, she would not pass such a night again for all Christendom, and then gay sunshine, sparkling dews and dancing waves reassuring her, jested with him on the possibilities of their being a freshet during their stay.

"Just imagine the romance of the thing, Tom," said she. "I intend asking Cousin Ruth to let me sleep in that room that she stepped out of, then if the waters do rise and I wake of a sudden to find them at my feet, it'll be quite handy for you to come and save me. Something delicious too—out of the common way—people will stare at us as if we had just walked out of one of Dickens's novels!" Being gravely assured by her Cousin Ruth that it was only the spring freshets that were dangerous, Corinne declared herself to be fearfully disappointed now that her one chance of being distinguished had proved a failure; but it may be questioned whether on the whole she was not quite as glad that such was the case.

Nevertheless on taking a peep at the room containing the famous window, and being charmed by its coziness—the crimson carpet, low couch, and quaint, three-cornered dressing-table—she declared herself to be in love with the same, and that the huge guest chamber was quite unbearable; so removing her effects that day, she took summary possession of the room and retained it.

One week did she and Tom linger at Glen Haven, listening to the wierd, fantastic legends of the old folks, losing themselves of sultry days in the cool, dewy darkness of adjacent woods, drifting of starlight nights on floods of purple gloom, till Corinne, enamored of the place, its restfulness and peace, declared she would be willing to live there always.

Upon the day of their departure Corinne looked around her room for the last time, and with half a sigh turned to her Cousin Ruth, saying,

"I have been very happy here. I think if ever I should get poor, or any misfortune were to happen me, I would like to come here and stay—could you let me?" Then without waiting for an answer added, gayly, "So you must always keep this room for my especial self, and sometime, who knows? I may request it at your hands." Whereupon Ruth kissed her with tears in her eyes, begged her to come when she would and how she would, that she could never be anything less than most welcome. So Corinne and Tom sped swiftly cityward—and lo! the summer was ended.

PART SECOND.

Little by little Miss Cortelieu became self-conscious, awakening at last to the fact that, bound to him by a solemn pledge, there were yet great depths in her heart that Tom's affection could never sound. No swift blush mounted to her cheek at his caress—no accelerated pulse thrilled at his lingering touch, and grown so capricious that even Tom's generous heart was sorely tried and puzzled, she one day treated her lover as though he were a servant, the next dismounting from her throne, in an abandon of remorseful tenderness, seemed as if she would wipe his feet with the very hair of her head.

Thus matters stood, when once, Tom suing for an early wedding-day, Corinne refused his request point blank—whereupon, her parents, stepping in as umpires, declared that two years was all too soon to lose their darling, but that Tom might have her then, and he must wait. The latter yielded his point as gracefully as was possible for his sore heart—while Corinne, with a new largess of happiness, and reflecting in a vague, hopeful way that much might happen in two years, incontinently defied the future.

As Corinne had queened it through the summer, the winter through she reigned supreme. One bitter night, as she and Tom were returning from a promenade concert, she noticed that the frosty air gave him a little cough and hoarseness. It was late, and, without entering, he was about to leave her at the door and pass on, when she said,

"Oh! you'd better come in, Tom, and let me make some 'stewed quaker' for that cough of yours."

Thus conjured, he entered, and they repaired to the dining-room; where Corinne, after doffing her outside wrape, squeezed the juice of a lemon, mixed with it golden butter and lucent syrup, and after heating it over the gas and spicing it to his taste—watched as he sipped. A prophetic sadness was in his eyes, a sudden pallor on his cheek; and Corinne, touched with a pang of indefinable sadness and yearning, stroked the fair hair from his forehead, and as he put away the goblet (she was glad to think of it afterwards) stooped and kissed him on the mouth. One moment he folded her, heart to heart, lip to lip—the next, was gone.

A week thereafter she stood beside a bed, on which, wan, wasted, dying, lay poor Tom Gillespie. Mind wandering, unconscious lips babbling of sad sea-waves and ocean sands—his steadfast heart still recognized the star of his affections, and turning to Corinne, he said,

"Don't cry, my darling; next summer we will all come back and"—the stiffening lips refused their office; the dying hands clasping with tenacious grasp the scarcely warmer ones of Corinne Cortelieu—as if even now his heart could scarce away without her company—a soul went slowly drifting out to a shoreless, waveless, limitless Eternity.

Griefs rove in company; and hardly had Corinne recovered from one shock, when the old firm of Cortelieu and Brothers—from which Angus Lafarge had long since withdrawn—was pronounced insolvent, and the old man, grief-stricken and bewildered, died of very heart-brokenness.

Though creditors demanded everything, yet some mysterious influence saved to Miss Cortelieu and her mother some personal effects. Corinne's piano, a picture or two, her father's books, the family silver and jewelled heir-looms. These last being sold, saved them from utter want till such time as Corinne's accomplishments should earn them daily bread.

Walking the street one day, in search of situations, a quondam friend passed with averted head, a second threw her haughty recognition, a third swept on with drooping eyes, till Corinne, wounded and indignant, turned homeward. There a letter awaited her—an invitation from Cousin Ruth to her mother and herself, to make Glen Haven their home. Gladly accepting it, and carrying their little effects with them, the two took up their abode in the old house by the river, in the very room which Corinne, but one short year before, had laughingly declared her own.

There she—till now lapped in luxury—wearied heart and brain over the stupid souls of childish music scholars, and eked out a scanty livelihood with the needle that pricked deeper than her fingers.

Thus much for outward circumstances. For the rest—it is so sad to lose all hope ere one is twenty—to feel that one's life till then has so burgeoned and blossomed, been heaped with such superfluous bloom and fragrance, that after years must needs stretch scentless and barren—and Corinne's soul stunned and bleeding, with an under-tone of consciousness whose moan was "It might have been," cried out against the gloom, and execrated fate.

Three years slipped by, bringing their slow, unconscious changes, as all years must, and yet, save for the death of old Mr. and Mrs. Van Wert, and the change of seasons, each recurring day being so like the last as to seem to Corinne but yesterday come back again.

She—a queen still, but a queen discrowned—moved in her daily track, stern, pale and stately. Scarce a trace of the old light-heartedness remained, and her beauty, save when the old smile so seldom seen transfigured her face with a new touching loveliness, seemed masked.

In cases of emergency the soul rises equal to the occasion. Grief, two-edged, gives keener life with added suffering, but it is the long wait that tries men's souls. The knowledge that no joy, no sorrow, no hope, no fear, can await them—the weariness, the monotony, that, scarcely rising to a throb, yet aches, aches, aches, till it threatens to drive one mad. All this Corinne felt in a dull, vague way, with scarcely life enough to express it to herself; and as one by one the years slipped by, robbing her of her bloom, yet bringing no accession of joy, her eyes grew to have that patient, far-away look so touching to behold, which all eyes have where joy tarries long, perhaps comes never.

Seldom giving way to remembrance, she once sat in the gathering twilight, thinking of that joyous summer which seemed to her a century back, of Angus's kindness, of Tom's love, of all the sunny Past, till, accompanying herself on the piano with soft minor chords, she sang a little song that had a heart-break in it:

"Never more! never more? Ah, God! so young!
And no warmth left for me in sun and shine!
The goblet broken as I lipped the wine,
And I left desolate, desert, undone!"

A stranger, passing by the house, stopped a moment to listen, paused as if to raise the gate-latch, and then went on with slow, hesitating steps.

The next day Corinne went out for a walk. Returning, her mother met her at the door with a more radiant face than she had worn for years.

"Oh! my dear, who do you think has been here? Angus Lafarge. He has just come back from California, and, stopping at Glen Haven on business, made inquiries for us. He's coming again to-night, so you must fix yourself up a little, dear," added her mother, fondly.

That evening Corinne, with strange perverseness, chose her plainest dress, around her throat and wrists bound narrow strips of linen, and, putting her hair back in a net, descended to meet her guest.

He was walking up and down the room when she entered, and as he became aware of her presence, turned to meet her. Taking both her hands in his, he bent on her a long, searching gaze, then only saying, "My poor child!" stooped and kissed her—a kiss none might gainsay.

Mr. Lafarge's business must have been a permanent one, since week after week slipped by and still he lingered.

One spring day that had a breath of summer in it, he coaxed Corinne out upon the waters. *Slowly they drifted with the tide.* Angus, one hand clasping an oar, the other dropped idly at his side, seemed wrapped as in a dream. Corinne sitting opposite, with folded hands and far-off gaze, presently looked up to meet his answering smile—a slow warmth touched her—the ice dissolved; her heart enfranchised beat with something of the old throb and thrill that once made life so blessed.

The next day one of those heavy March gales set in—but Corinne, with a soft light in her eyes, a new, strange joy in her heart, scarce heeded it. Three days it rained, and stormed, and blew, till Miss Cortelieu with a spark of her old gayety, declared to Angus—who had come through rain and mud to see her—that Noah's covenant was a fiction, and the second deluge was at hand.

So it would seem, since that night she was startled by Ruth's voice, saying,

"Don't be frightened, dear, but the freshet is upon us. Get up and dress yourself as quickly as possible. I have wakened your mother, and we will see what can be done."

Almost dumb with a strange terror, Corinne rose, hurriedly donned her clothes, and strove to soothe Mrs. Cortelieu who clung to her hopelessly. Then, gently disengaging the aged arms, she ran to Ruth's assistance, who, tearing up carpets and removing valuables to an upper story, essayed to save what household goods she might.

Slowly the waters rose step by step, while the three, having done what they could, waited with strange silence and calmness for what next should come.

Presently a voice rose above the roar of the tempest—and Corinne opening the window, saw a shadowy something beneath, which slowly assumed form and hue.

It was Angus with a boat, and, standing up, he prepared to lift her through the window, but only saying, "I knew you would come and save us," she held back. She saw first that her mother and Ruth were safely in it—waited till they were rowed to some place of shelter; and then, leaping lightly down, sat pale and silent while Angus made his way between boat-loads of other sufferers, through broken spars and drifting household goods, to the hotel where her mother and Ruth were anxiously awaiting their arrival.

An hour after, being left alone with her for a space, Angus gathered her in his arms as if she were a child, exclaiming, passionately,

"My darling—if you had been lost—"

"And if I had, Angus, what if I had?" asked Corinne, eagerly.

For answer he searched her eyes, then folding her more closely, his voice husky with emotion, said,

"My love—my love, that slipped away from me so long and now is come back again."

In the confession that followed, he told her all his hopes, his fears, his sorrow in that summer so long past; while she, sobbing with a new, keen bliss that almost seemed like pain, answered,

"And I—it seems to me that I have loved you always."

In his arms—breathing his breath, the world floats far away. Past memories cannot oppress, nor future griefs appal her—for living he is hers, and dying none the less so; and, resting on his strength, her poor tired heart at last finds joy, peace, and forgetfulness.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'ARY 11, 1865.

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for THE POST, as well as for THE LADY'S FRIEND, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the Prospectuses, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a SEWING MACHINE on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 8, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to THE POST, and twenty to THE LADY'S FRIEND—it matters not to us what proportion of each, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of $2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up *at once*. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of POSTS, LADY'S FRIENDS, and SEWING MACHINES as Premiums to those who get them up.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

The present high price of paper will compel us to retrench our exchange list as much as possible. If we should happen to stop sending our paper to any publishers who are entitled to it, they will oblige us very much by informing us by letter of the mistake.

PAPER.

We find the following significant paragraph going the rounds of the press:

"Within the past eight months upwards of 400 papers have died in consequence of the exorbitant price of printing paper."

We know not how accurate the above statement may be, but we do know that the high price of printing paper has caused the death of many periodicals during the last year, and brought many more to the verge of ruin.

And as a consequence of this state of things, Congress has been implored to take off the duty on printing paper, so that if the American manufacturers cannot furnish it at a lower rate, foreign ones may, and the press thus be enabled to live.

On the other hand, the American manufacturers of paper have issued their counter appeal against the reduction of the duty, and arrayed copious tables of figures showing that they are positively selling paper at a proportionately lower price than before the war.

Remembering the old proverb that "figures cannot lie," we have contemplated these tables of our manufacturing friends, as a scriptural writer says, "with great admiration."

We are inclined to consider the manufacturers of paper the most self-sacrificing men in the community.

But we should just like to see another table, giving the items and aggregate of their losses for the last two years. They must be immense. Why, "rags have advanced nearly 300 per cent., bleaching-powders 300 to 650, woollen feltings 450 to 600, and rosin 1200 to 1700! and yet the price of paper has only advanced 225 to 250 per cent." We should not be surprised to hear that each of our manufacturing friends had been losing at the rate of from $50,000 to $150,000 a year.

Certain singular lines in the returns of the income tax for 1863 would seem to warrant, we know, an exactly opposite conclusion—but these must be mistakes.

We have the kindest feeling for our manufacturing friends. We have an equally kind feeling, to say the least, for the newspaper fraternity. We are in favor of a reasonable degree of Protection to American Industry; but we are not in favor of protecting one class at the expense of the life of another.

At the present time we are strongly inclined to believe that the press of the country is in a great deal more need of Protection than the Paper Manufacturers.

For the last two years, unless all the usual signs fail, the manufacturers of paper, in spite of all figures but those in their Profit and Loss Accounts, have been making money hand over hand. For the last two years—and especially for the last year—the Press of the country has been weighed down to the ground by the increased expenses of publishing. If the burden is shifted in some degree for a while to the shoulders most able to bear it, is it unjust? If Congress cannot protect the Press directly, has not the Press a right to ask that others shall not be protected at its expense?

Mr. Carey, in the excess of his Protective zeal, is always holding up the danger of *Foreign* Manufacturing Combinations, which raise prices by first starving out competition, and then controlling the supply. But is there no danger of *Domestic* Manufacturing Combinations for the same object?

The country has been assured that if it would shut out all Foreign Competition, the Domestic Competition would insure equitable prices. But suppose that Domestic Competition is interfered with and controlled by powerful Domestic Combinations? The argument that prices will always regulate themselves equitably, is the argument of Free Trade. Once you begin to interfere with and protect by means of a tariff, and you are bound to keep watch and guard over all the interests involved. For your system, being artificial, must be kept under judicious control. You may let the stream of trade run at its own free will as it pleases; but the moment you begin to dam the stream here and there, and interfere thus with its natural course, you are responsible for the consequences. In aiding the interests of one, you are bound to see that another is not drowned out by your backwater.

And it is not the part of wisdom to refuse to remedy the grievances produced in particular cases by an artificial system. You only endanger the whole system by such an unwise course.

We hold that Congress should not sit idly, and see a great interest like that of the Press paralyzed. In the best of times, the editors and publishers of newspapers, with the exception of a few in the large cities, are very meanly compensated—and yet no men are doing a more important and useful work in the community, and are more necessary to the healthy political life of the Republic.

These men are told that if the high price of paper is maintained, in the course of three or four years the production will be so greatly stimulated as to make it plenty and cheap. Perhaps so; perhaps not. But where will they and their establishments be at the end of three or four years?

Hundreds of them cannot afford to wait even two years. They must have the relief now—or the relief will be useless to them when it comes.

If the duty be taken off of paper, the claim of the manufacturers that it should also be taken off of certain materials that are used in the production of paper, would seem to be a just one. At present, however, there is no duty on rags and on clay, and of course none on straw, wood, and labor, which are the chief articles used in the production of paper.

All taxes that bear heavily on the means of education and the spread of knowledge, are evidently unwise taxes to be levied in a free state—the very existence of which depends upon the masses of the community being well informed.

THE EMANCIPATION AMENDMENT.

This amendment having passed Congress by the requisite two-thirds vote, must now receive the assent of three-fourths of the State Legislatures, in order to become a portion of the Constitution of the United States. As the whole number of states is now 36, the assent of 27 will have to be obtained. The following states will undoubtedly sanction this important amendment: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Nevada, Oregon, California, and West Virginia.

The above sum up 22 states. The friends of the amendment also count, we see, upon securing the following:—"New Jersey, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana and Virginia." But New Jersey (like Delaware and Kentucky) is doubtful; the Tennessee, Arkansas and Louisiana legislatures are of questionable validity, not being recognized yet by the admission of Senators into the U. S. Senate; and Virginia is of still more questionable character.

No time, however, is fixed within the limits of which the vote must be taken, so that the question may possibly lie undetermined for years, unless settled sooner by a treaty of peace, or by the sharp edge of the sword.

Signification of Colors.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Green.

ITS DIVINE LANGUAGE.—It now becomes necessary to revert to the principles established in previous articles.

In the symbolic genesis of colors, we find three degrees shadowed forth. First, Self-existence; second, Manifestation of Life; and third, the act which results from it. In the first, Love, or the Will governs, characterized by *red*. In the second appears Intelligence, designated by *blue*. The third, or sphere of Creation, is *green*.

According to the prophets, three spheres emanated from God, and became the atmospheres of the three heavens. The first is the sphere of Love, and red; the second, sphere of Wisdom, blue; third, or sphere of Creation, green.

In the Bible the Eternal is represented with an appearance of fire about him, and a blue or sapphire throne beneath; and also as being in the centre of a green rainbow.* These spheres, or *limbi* were imitated in Indian pictures as well as in those of the middle ages. In correspondence with them are the three degrees of regeneration, which may be traced in the ancient rites of initiation, together with their symbolic colors, red, blue, and green.

Mythology offers numerous proofs of the universal prevalence of the doctrine of celestial spheres; the philosophy of the Hindoos brings it under our notice in the explanation of the mystic symbol O M, composed of three elements of articulation, (A. U. M.)

"If the devotion of the worshipper be confined to the sense indicated by one of the elements, it is understood that the effect does not extend beyond this world; if it be limited by two of these elements, the effect reaches as far as the lunar vortex, whence, however, the soul returns again to the material body; but if the meditations of the devotee are so comprehensive as to embrace the complete sense of the three elements of this mystic symbol, his soul ascends to the orb of the sun, where it is purified of all sin, and casting its old slough, like the serpent, is preferred to the abode of Brahma, and to the contemplation of him who dwells in a bodily human form.†

The Hindus, like the Persians, Scandinavians, and every other people whose origin is lost in the night of Time, represent the Deity under the human form. A sketch of Brahma-Sami, deposited in the *Bibliotheque Royale*, and published by M. Langles, in his work on the monuments of India, reproduces the doctrine of celestial spheres, and applies the key to the symbols of Hindoo Divinity.

The sacred personages represented in Christian pictures, as well as the representations of God and of the Saviour, and the angels, appear with glories of different colors. Only the Father and Son, however, appear in the centre of spheres, or *limbi*, which entirely surround them. Sometimes a second sphere appears below the first, surrounding the footstool of the deity. In the Latin Bible of the tenth century, Jesus Christ is surrounded with a red limbus bordered with blue. Some of the cherubim and angels which environ him have red glories, others blue, and others green. Under the feet of Jesus is a purple sphere, which is also three-fold—red, blue, and green. In a miniature representation of the Pentecost, dating in the eleventh century, the Holy Spirit is depicted in the centre of a three-fold sphere—blue, red, and green—the rays which fall upon the apostles being red. Lastly, these three celestial spheres are twice represented in a Latin manuscript of the thirteenth century, treating of Biblical Emblems."

SACRED LANGUAGE.—The four elements are represented by four colors: fire, by red; air, by azure; water, by green; and earth, by black; but were those elements deified, or were they regarded as symbols? We find the reply in the theosophical scheme of the Indians, of the Greeks, of the Christians; the spheres of the elements were regarded as Swedenborg would say, as *correspondences of celestial spheres*.

This mystery was figured in the rites of initiation by a fourfold probation. "Having crossed the threshold of Proserpine," says Apuleius, "I have now all the elements to traverse." The Neophyte had to be purified by the earth, by water, by the air, and by fire. The first represented the chaotic and dark state of the profane; the second was the emblem of exterior regeneration by triumph under temptations; the third of divine truth enlightening the understanding of the Neophyte; the fourth, or highest degree, opened the heart to Divine Love. These symbolic trials were purely exterior; they figured the four material spheres which the Neophyte had to pass through before he could be elevated to the three heavens represented upon earth by the three degrees of initation or spiritual regeneration.

The act of Baptism was a symbol of the mystery of Creation; the profane state of mind answering to ineri, dark matter, and water poured on the head to the fertile principle which was the means of regeneration. The parable of the Sower affords good evidence to Christians that regeneration is similar to the germination of a plant which is formed anew in the very bosom of death, and flourishes again into a new life. We read in the Revelation that the locusts were commanded "that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree; but only those men who had not the seal of God on the foreheads."‡

The most ancient traditions concerning the symbolic application of the color green, are to be found in the legends of India, in which regeneration is represented under the aspect of conflicts between Vischnou, the Supreme God, and the chief of the evil genii. It was in the campaign of *Vail-Langa* that Vischnou, incarnate in Rama, fought against the giants and overcame them. These giants represent the spirits of darkness, as in the book of Genesis, and the myths of Scandanavia and Greece. The key to the whole mystery is furnished by the colors attributed to Rama and to the chief of the giants. "In the temples dedicated to this incarnation," says Sonnerat § Vischnou is represented of a green color under the figure of a perfectly beautiful young man, carrying a bow and arrows. We see also, a picture of the giant on the same sacred walls, having ten heads, painted blue, and twenty arms; different weapons are held in each of his hands as emblems of force and power."

John of Lydia mentions that green was consecrated to Venus Aphrodite. This is confirmed by a painting of Herculaneum, which represents her with flowing green drapery ‖

PROFANE LANGUAGE.—The sacred traditions have been preserved under their materialized form in popular legends. Green, the symbol of the soul's regeneration, the new spiritual birth, became the emblem of material nativity.

In its sacred language, green was the symbol of hope in immortality; in the popular language it was the color of hope in this world. By an inversion of its meaning, the profane attributed to it the signification of despair. In the scenic representations of Greece, sea-green, under certain circumstances was a sinister color. At first the symbol of spiritual victory it became that of victory in this world, and at length, by the rule of opposition, it designated among the Greeks defeat and flight or desertion.

Green had the same signification among the Moors as among the ancients, that of hope and gladness and juvenility, it being the color of spring, the youth of the year, which brings along with it hope of the harvest. On the same principle, green in the heraldic art, signifies civility, love, joy and abundance. "Archbishops," says in Anselm, "wear a hat of sinople with bands of green silk interlaced. The color green denotes the good pastures into which the wise shepherds lead their flocks, and is the symbol of the good doctrine of these prelates."

Thus green was the symbol of the good Christian doctrine, as well as that of the Mohammedan, Greek, Egyptian, and Indian theologies. The first and last links of the historic chain are united and resolved into one. B. Z. S.

* *Emblemata Biblica*, lb. p. 37.
† Revelation iv. 4.
‡ Vol. I, pp. 289—99; Compare Paulin, *Systema Brahma*.
§ Winckelmann, II, p. 189. Histoire de l'Art, p. 134.

☞ Last Friday, workmen, in making repairs on the old Indian Queen Hotel, First street, Boston, found the entire skeleton of a man secreted in a panelled closet. In the summer season, many years ago, the Indian Queen was quite a celebrated place for sitting down to fish suppers, chowders, &c.

☞ In reference to the failure of the Butler expedition against Fort Fisher, the Richmond Whig remarked,—"Salutes and fireworks in abundance celebrated the bloodless capture of the useless port of Savannah; but this was a poor compensation for the failure to take the *valuable* port of Wilmington." Now that the port of Wilmington is effectually closed, this same Richmond Whig is inclined to regard it as "an unfortunate rather than a disastrous event."

☞ M. Ernest de Bunsen is about to offer his contribution toward a reply to the great question, "Who was Adam?" His theory, suggested perhaps by a phrase of the late Baron Bunsen, is that Zoroaster was the Hebrew Adam.

☞ Twenty-six per cent. of the soldiers from Ohio have left families at home.

☞ A dealer in old books in London occasions a good deal of amusement to those who inspect his stock by the curious labels which he attaches to different works. What, for instance, would Dr. Johnson say to the following: "Lunden, and how to see hit;" and one her labelled "Leires of they Poayte—price 'arf a crown?"

☞ It is remarked by greyhound fanciers, that a well-formed, compact shaped puppy never makes a fleet dog. They see more promise in the loose-jointed, awkward, clumsy ones. And even so, there is a kind of crudity and unsettledness in the minds of those young persons who turn out ultimately the most eminent.

* Ezekiel, i. 26. Exodus, xxiv. 9, 10. Revelation, iv. 3.
† Colebrooke, *Philosophie des Hindous*, p. 109.

Pleasant Friends.

We will paint Miss Mary Jane Grimly. She is a very sedate young lady of thirty-five, who visits Mrs. Frankly after an absence of some years. She has always professed a warm affection for Mrs. F., and declared that she sympathized deeply with her in her sorrow; for Mrs. F. has known some trouble, though she has now, by Heaven's help, been able to cast it from her. Miss Grimly is sadly disappointed at finding her dear friend not only resigned, but actually enjoying life and able to derive pleasure in society; so she begins to lament, the first opportunity she finds a chance of talking alone to Mrs. F.'s other acquaintance, that Mrs. F. is such a very changeable character, a person, alas! without depth of feeling—very kind, very good-hearted, and all that sort of thing, no doubt; but, ah! well, she has known her a long time, knew her before Mr. F. (who was such a charming man) went wrong, poor fellow! He was an affectionate disposition. She really cannot think how his wife can have recovered it, and is quite certain she never could have cared to make fresh acquaintance, or have entered into any society again. Oh, she is very fond of dear Mrs. F.: loves her, in fact, as if she were her sister; but it pains her to see how entirely she has forgotten Mr. F., who, after all, was not so much to blame, as he had been led astray by a very, very wicked woman." And thus the amiable Miss Grimly contrives to leave an impression on her hearer's mind that Mrs. Frankly is a cold-hearted woman—that most odious of all characters, a woman devoid of feeling. Miss Grimly next endeavors to convince her much-loved friend of the hollowness and deceit of male acquaintance in general, and of a few of Mrs. F.'s visitors in particular, and then departs, leaving doubts and thorns rankling behind her; having successfully reopened a few old wounds that had before her advent pretty nearly healed over.

We will here introduce you to Mrs. Courtley, a religious widow lady with a family of daughters, who pays a friendly visit to another widow, a young friend of hers whom she, in consequence of being her superior in years, affects to patronize and advise. She would fain have this friend, whom we call Clara, live under her protecting wing; but Clara, who is not partial to a large family circle of little people, declines, and Mrs. Courtley, finding her, when she arrives, surrounded by amiable and kind people, begins (to use a very vulgar but expressive saying) "to pick holes in them" individually one after another in quick succession. "My dear Clara, I know you will not think anything I can say to you, dear, obtrusive, for you well know I have your interest at heart, so I just want to know how long you have known Mrs. A———, and if you think she is a person to be trusted." (Mrs. A———, be it known, was a really charming new acquaintance of Clara's, whose influence Mrs. Courtley feared.) Clara was warm in her praise of Mrs. A———. "Ah! well, dear, I don't know, but something I have heard; and I fear she is not sincere; and" (here the affectionate lady closes her lips, as if she were afraid the "something she had heard" should escape them,) "Clara, dear, you know I never interfere in other persons' affairs; but you know also, dear, I never mince matters when I think it my *duty* to speak. Do you think you are doing right to allow Mr. S——— to visit here so much? Is it proper to fan a flame you must eventually extinguish?" "Good gracious! Mr. S———? why, what do you mean?" cries Clara, who had seen Mrs. C———'s endeavors to attract Mr. S——— to her own daughter's side with considerable amusement for days past. "My dear Clara, I fear he likes you, and of course I need not say it is wrong to encourage his visits to your house, especially when you are alone; now we are here it is different, but it is impossible you can ever think of so utterly rough and unpolished a man, so do discourage his attentions." Clara explained that Mr. S——— was only a very sincere friend of hers, and engaged to one of her young relations; but this did not satisfy Mrs. Courtley's anxious friendly feelings. She was so far carried away by her intense interest in Clara's welfare, that she actually asked Mr. S———, when taking a *tete-a-tete* walk with him on the sands, if he would pardon her speaking confidentially to him, and she electrified the poor fellow by what she called explaining to him, in a very roundabout way, that she had discovered his love for her friend, and when he truthfully disclaimed such a warm feeling, but candidly acknowledged his real regard for Clara, she pulled a very long face, and entreated him to remember the construction an evil world would put upon his intimacy with her, and thus she contrived to sow the seeds of coldness and restraint between two purely truthful and congenial minds.

After Mrs. Courtley, we have to visit Miss Sneerwell; she is staying with her friend, Mrs. ———, at London-super-Mare. She (Miss Sneerwell) is of the Grimly tribe, and delights in faultfinding. Mrs. ——— had a new acquaintance, I had nearly termed him friend, but, perhaps, the date of their introduction scarcely warranted this appellation. He was very agreeable, very handsome, dark, Spanish-looking, exceedingly well-informed, in fact he was an exceedingly charming individual; so Miss Sneerwell at once set to work to do what she called *her duty*, and open her friend's eyes to the danger of cultivating his acquaintance. "He is so satirical, dear Helen, I quite dread to enter into any conversation with him—I am astonished at your liking him;" "He is married, and I feel very much surprised that you see so little of his wife;" "He is a dangerous character, for my friend Mrs. W———, who saw him with you at the gardens in May, says so;" were the constant phrases she rang the changes on until she succeeded, much to her own satisfaction, in making her dear friend look very much like a culprit whenever she met with the gentleman in question.

☞ In the last sitting of the Paris Society for the Protection of Animals, the vice president, Dr. Blatin, announced that he had just proposed to the government that the sale of horse-flesh as an article of food should be permitted in the French capital. The subject, he said, had been submitted to the Council of State for decision, but in the meantime the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, Rue de Fauconnier, distribute every Saturday to the poor two horses, in addition the beef contributed by the Bureau de Bienfaisance. The applicants for that meat are so numerous, the honorable gentleman stated, that all cannot be satisfied.

☞ A bachelor sea-captain, who was remarking the other day that he wanted a good chief officer, was promptly informed by a young lady present, that she had no objection to be his *first* mate. He took the hint—and the lady.

Skating in Paris.

Skating has been the one great and engrossing topic of conversation in all the *salons*, and the meeting to skate the great amusement of the afternoons on the lakes of the Bois de Boulogne. The Parisians have taken to it with great energy, although it must be confessed, proficients in the exercise are generally found only among the Russian and American visitors of the capital. A piece of water, lying at the back of the racing-stand, called *Le Lac de Suresnes* (little more than a shallow pond in depth), has been fenced round and appropriated for the purpose, under the name of the "Skating Club." To belong to it, you must, if a gentleman, be a member of one or other of the clubs of Paris, or be introduced by a member, when in exchange for a payment of twenty francs, you are admitted to skate at all times, and have the privilege of giving tickets to any ladies of your immediate acquaintance. The chief recommendation, however, which must not be passed over in silence, is the fact that the lake in question is the one used by the Emperor and Empress when they skate out of the enclosure of the Tuileries, and that they have frequently patronized it by their presence.

Thither, therefore, all the fashionables of the *grand monde* have, for the last ten days, repaired daily; and the spectacle has been a very animated one. I say has been, for a heavy fall of snow yesterday morning has covered Paris under its ghostlike wrappings, and for a time has put a stop to this pleasant though somewhat unfrequent winter amusement. The pretty and gay Marquise de Galliffet, looking all the more lovely that she appeared, on several occasions, in the plainest of dresses, made of linsey-woolsey, with the simplest of black *toques* on her head, which showed off her admirable complexion to the greatest possible advantage, was one of the best lady skaters among her countrywomen, and seemed to enjoy the exercise immensely. The Empress herself took two or three turns, and then suffered herself to be wheeled in one of the chairs reserved for her. Her Majesty is greatly improved since last year, and now skates very fairly; but she is said to be in indifferent health, and to be much alarmed about her own state. One American gentleman is so remarkable for his feats on the ice, that the Imperial couple expressed their desire to witness his performance, which accordingly brought immense crowds round the little lake. Two or three American ladies are quite adepts in the art, and actually seem to float, rather than skate, across the frozen element. The costumes have been pretty this year, and a great abundance of handsome furs are displayed on them, arranged so as to produce almost the effect of military costumes. Black velvet Spanish hats, trimmed with fur, are the general covering for the head, the hair being confined in more or less showy hair-nets.

As if in prevision of the impending snow storm, a *fête de nuit*, was got up on Monday night last, and from 9 to 11 o'clock at night the scene was a most lively, and, indeed, beautiful one. Electric lights were made to illumine the little lake in all directions, and shed their fantastic rays on groups of skaters, dancers, and lookers-on, while blazing torches, carried by artillery men, formed a glowing circle all around it. The Empress did not share in the exercise, but sat looking on, warmly wrapt in furs, and surrounded by a small circle of *intimes*; for some reason or other, the Emperor, whose presence had been announced, did not show himself. The glare of the torches at a certain moment died away; the electric light was softened in intensity, and then from the comparative darkness a brilliant *feu d'artifice* was let off amid the cries of admiration of spectators and actors in the gay scene. Almost immediately after the whole party dispersed, the music of the Gendarmerie of Paris having played its most brilliant airs throughout the evening, and concluded it by the animating strains of the "Torch-light March."—*Paris Letter of Jan. 4th.*

Incident in the Coal Oil Mania.

In the business portion of the city is a worthy gun-merchant, named Krider. Mr. Krider sells "shooting-irons" of all kinds, and implements in general for sportsmen.

Some months ago, a citizen purchasing some trifles in his store, observed a beautiful stag's head and horns, stuffed and mounted in a very handsome manner, made to suspend against a library wall.

"What is the price of that deer's head?" asked the citizen.

"It is the last one I have," said Mr. Krider. "I sold them at eighteen dollars. I will let you have this one for fifteen."

Citizen mused a moment.

"Look here," said he, "I have thirty acres of wild land that didn't cost me much. It isn't any use to me, and may not be to you. At a venture, I'll offer it to you at an even trade for that deer's head."

"Is it wild land?"

"I think it must be, but I don't know. All I do know is that the title is good, and that it calls for thirty acres of land in Venango county, in this State."

"Well," said Mr. Krider, "take the head, and I'll trade with you."

"You'll pay for transferring the deed?" asked the purchaser of the horns in question.

"Yes, I pay those costs, of course."

A day or two afterward the deed was made in Mr. Krider's name, and the transfer legally accomplished. The gun-merchant placed it in his fire-proof, and after awhile the transaction nearly faded from his memory.

To cut a long story as short as possible, one day last week a stranger entered Mr. Krider's store, and asked the price of the thirty acres aforesaid.

He offered $85,000 cash in hand. Mr. Krider in the meantime had learned its value. It was in one of the best spots in the oil region, and he refused for it, on Wednesday last, $87,500. Whether he has since disposed of it we know not.—*Philadelphia Sunday Times.*

☞ Connecticut contributed both military commanders at the Fort Fisher fight,—General Terry being from New Haven, and General Whiting, the rebel leader, from Hartford.

☞ Good Enough for Them.—All the Northern men who took service in the Confederate army have come to grief—Smith, Lovell, Gardner and Pemberton. They have fallen from high to low military grades, and are considered very poor trash anyway.

☞ Politeness.—A bright little boy, on hearing one of the Southern proclamations read, said, recently, "Jeff Davis is so wonderfully polite, that when we catch him, I think we had better ask him whether he would prefer to be hung to a sour or sweet apple tree."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to CHOICE LITERATURE and the ILLUSTRATION OF THE FASHIONS. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Capa, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of the following

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A HANDSOME STEEL FANCY ENGRAVING and a SUPERB COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of the Fashions, Patterns, &c., too numerous to detail.

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In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers:—

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $70.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, 85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, 100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty Dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five Dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five Dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The Magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their Magazines at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be partly composed of subscribers to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *eighteen years*—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and the magazine conjointly when it is so desired—and are as follows:—

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,		$2.50
Two copies,		4.00
Four copies,		8.00
Eight copies	and one to getter up of club,	16.00
Twenty "	and one to getter up of club,	35.00
One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND and one of THE POST,		4.00

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us), twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address

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☞ SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to those desirous of getting up Clubs on the receipt of Fifteen Cents.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

☞ The following inscription was found by our soldiers on a rude wooden slab in a Georgia graveyard:—

"Here lies the body of Michel Mulvain,
His life was full of many a pain;
His wife she was cross, his children were frisky,
So he took to console him a bottle of whiskey.
Alas for poor Michel, he soon came to an end,
It took all his tin but left nary a friend;
And so when his money pile came to a level,
He came to the conclusion to go to the devil."

☞ There is now about 115,000 miles of railway in the world. There have been consumed 40,000,000 tons of iron.

☞ It is stated that, while only five revolutionary pensioners are alive, there are fourteen hundred and eighteen widows of such pensioners alive and drawing pensions.

☞ A lady whose girls were all misshapen consulted the celebrated anatomist and lecturer, Dr. Hebbard, on a prevention. "*Loose dresses and plenty of air, just like the boys,*" was the excellent reply of this gentleman.

☞ The Pope received from Havana, on new year's day, several thousand segars; and not being a smoker himself, he has given them all to Gen. Montebello, commanding the French army of occupation.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST still continues to maintain its proud position as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

and arrays weekly its solid and numerous columns of

CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.

A FAMILY OF CHILDREN who read a good literary paper weekly, can scarcely fail to become more cultivated and intelligent under its influence—their stock of general information, especially, will be greatly enlarged. That THE POST has exerted this beneficial influence in thousands of cases,

THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL TESTIFY.

Therefore

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST,

and see if you do not note a gradual improvement in the minds and manners of your family. Its varied lessons on all subjects, cannot fail of being productive of more or less good.

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The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be partly composed of subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

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☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

REMITTANCES should be made in United States notes. For all amounts over Five Dollars we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities, *payable to our order.*

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

☞ A wealthy gentleman in Pittsfield, Mass., celebrated his silver wedding the other evening at an expense of $20,000. Over one thousand invitations were issued outside of Pittsfield, a ball-room was erected for the occasion, a celebrated band from New York engaged, and the invitation cards were the most expensive ever produced in this country.

☞ In a saloon at Providence, one day last week, a man won ten dollars by swallowing five dozen eggs.

☞ Of seven millions of Jews in the world, the United States has two millions.

☞ During the gold panic, two friends met in Wall street, when one asked the other, "Well, is it yet *terra firma?*" To which the other, shrugging his shoulders, replied, "Plenty of *terror*, but no *firma*."

☞ A Philadelphia criminal court recently had under consideration the case of a candid horse-car conductor, who took on one trip $1.25, of which he returned five cents to the treasurer's office, and kept $1.20 for himself. He said he always made it a point to make something for the company, but it was necessary to look out for himself first.

☞ The two most northern nationalities in South America, New Grenada and Venezuela, contain immense reservoirs of mineral pitch, from which gush fountains of petroleum. Copious streams of petroleum occur on the borders of Maracaibo Lake. This lake is 940 miles in circumference. Near its margin is a mine of asphaltum, "the bituminous vapors of which," says McCulloch's Geographical Gazetteer, "are so inflammable that during the night phosphoric fires are continually seen, which in their effect resemble lightning."

☞ The Empress Eugenie will, it is said, appear at the next ball of the Tuileries in a dress of new manufacture, a pattern of which was sent by a maker at Lyons, and which has had immense success. It is made of silk and silver, the reflections of which are so splendid and the shades so soft that the general aspect resembles the effects of the moon on the waters of a lake. This stuff has already received the name of "Drap de Phœbe."

LATEST NEWS.

General Sherman's army is still advancing in South Carolina. A Charleston dispatch of the 31st ult. states that all the movements indicate that Augusta or Branchville is the destination. The Twentieth Corps occupies Robertsville, fifty miles above Savannah. On the 30th a heavy Federal force advanced from Whitesport and drove in the rebel skirmish line three miles to King's creek. The picket line, it is claimed, was afterwards re-established. Since then all has been quiet on the Combahee. McPhersonville, five miles north-west of Pocotaligo, is reported to have been burned.

Army of the James advices of Friday say that it was reported that the rebel fleet started down the river that morning, but after proceeding a short distance turned back again and anchored in the old position. A good deal of heavy firing in the direction of Petersburg was heard during the afternoon, and there were reports of a brisk engagement having taken place near the Appomattox.

The peace interview between the President and Secretary Seward and the rebel commissioners, off Fortress Monroe, resulted in nothing. The conference occupied four hours. The President and Mr. Seward returned to Washington on Saturday. The President is said to have stated that he should continue the war to compel obedience to the Constitution, on the basis of union.

Both Houses of Congress have decided that the votes of eleven states—Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee—shall not be counted in the vote for President and Vice President. This decision is based on the ground that these states were not in a condition to vote on the 8th of November last.

☞ An "Old Folks' Festival" has recently been held in Buffalo, at which the following relics were exhibited. A work-case over one hundred years old, formerly owned by Gen. W. E. Benson; iron dish cloth, "in use for many years in the Jacques family," and for the last forty years kept by the descendents as a family relic; Officer's hat and epaulets worn by General Benson in the battle of Sackett's Harbor; a hymn-book one hundred and twenty years old; a marble paper-weight, with laurel leaf and inscription, presented to General Benson in 1812; a sheet eighty-one years old, now kept as a relic, by the family of Mrs. R. Dill; a teapot owned by Mrs. J. C. Gwinn, and made in 1757; a milk-pitcher, pewter, one hundred and eighty years old, owned by Mrs. R. Dill; an Indian scalping knife, owned by Mr. James Miller; an axe found in the ancient fortifications of the town of Boston in 1816; an ancient tea-set; a lady's collar, knit by Mrs. Oliver Mitchell, of Buffalo, in 1836; a letter written by Lieutenant E. C. Parker while in Libby Prison, and smuggled outside of the rebel lines in a hollow button; an ink-stand, one hundred and thirty years old, owned by Mrs. Vedder.

☞ There is a deal of humor in San Francisco politics. A woman in that city, finding her husband was to vote for McClellan, removed all his clothes on election-day, and refused to deliver the first garment until the polls were closed! This was certainly a very naked attempt to deprive a man of the elective franchise.

☞ Mr. Frank Lawler's letters from Richmond to the London Times are so often intercepted that each one published is said to cost the proprietors of the Times a hundred and fifty pounds.

☞ Edmund Burke says that the rich are the pensioners of the poor. Omit the *pen*, and we'll endorse it.

☞ A Nassau letter of the 16th states that there were over two and a half million pounds of bacon stored at that port, awaiting a chance to be carried through the blockade. Much of this bacon is from the Northern states, sent there to run the blockade.

☞ Holland papers, so the London journals say, claim General Sherman as a native of that country, who emigrated to America after a commercial failure in Amsterdam. It is sufficient to dispose of that claim to say that General Sherman is a lineal descendant of the brother of Roger Sherman, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

☞ The gift of fifty-one thousand dollars in Government bonds to Vice Admiral Farragut has been completed by placing the bonds in his hands, and transmitting to him the letter of presentation, inclosed in a beautiful morocco case.

☞ A convention of publishers, the purpose of which is to take measures for securing the repeal of the duty on paper, has been called to meet in Harrisburg on the 9th of February.

☞ Two ingenious citizens of Springfield (Mass.) have got a patent for an apparatus by which the street lamps of a whole city can be lighted instantaneously by means of an electric battery.

☞ A correspondent with Gen. Sherman's army on its new march, asserts that a floor with wet overcoats for coverlids and a log for a pillow can be called a bed. This is a question for a debating society.

☞ The landlord of a New York hotel, testified in court in that city last week, that if a man drank five or six tumblers of whiskey, made good, hot, and strong, it would depend upon his head whether he was a temperate man or not.

☞ It takes $2,000 to get into the New York Broker's Board. High priced board that.

☞ The first volume of the Emperor Napoleon—"Life of Cæsar" will be published on the 10th of February. It will appear simultaneously in French and German, into which latter language it has been translated by M. Frohner, conservateur at the Library of the Louvre. Numbers of foreign editors have gone to Paris to obtain leave to reproduce the work. The first volume is devoted to the geographic and archæologic description of Cæsar's campaign in Gaul. The London Times says:—"We are informed on good authority that the Emperor has ordered his 'Life of Julius Cæsar' to be translated into English, and has undertaken to correct the proofs himself."

☞ They have been drafting in Montreal for the Canadian militia, and the editor of the Witness has been caught. He says:—"The draft is a most extraordinary affair, taking whole households in some cases, and paying no attention to exhausting the first class, nor even the second, before going to the third or reserve class. As far as the individual named above is concerned, he drilled for nothing in 1837; and it is a proof of the improvement of the times that he is now to get fifty cents a day for the same service."

OMENS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LIZZIE MATTIERS.

O, Zaidee! list to me, sweetest;
Shine forth my evening star;
Let the light of thy fair, fair face
Illumine thy lattice bar.

My spirit is dark as the night
Waiting the tardy moonrise:
As dark as the night and as still,
Waiting the glance of thine eyes.

The ash tree quivers above me,
And drops her leaves on my head;
I am not cold but I shiver,
For her leaves are crisp and dead.

And oh I remember it now,—
It ever betokens ill:
I saw last night a falling star
Above the brow of yon hill.

* * * * * * *

The night is sobbing on the moor,
Beneath the pitiless skies;
But I cannot weep though I know
My star shall never arise.

Pittsburg, Pa.

LITTLE POUCETTE.

Nearly seven years ago, I was walking hurriedly along the boulevards of Paris one winter's evening; it was Christmas-eve, and had been ushered in by thick fog and miserable drizzling rain, which provoked the inhabitants of the gay capital to complain loudly of the change which they fancied had taken place in the seasons of late years, whereby the detested *brouillard de Londres* had been introduced into their once clear, pure atmosphere. Leaving the lively bustle of the boulevard, I turned down the Rue de la Paix, and into the dark-looking Rue Neuve St. Augustin; a little way down which, I perceived a small knot of people gathered under the arched entrance to a *hotel*.

There were not many—a few bloused workmen returning from their daily toil, two or three women, and the usual amount of active *gamins* darting about the outskirts; within, I could perceive the cocked-hat of the ever-watchful *sergent de ville*. Prompted by that gregarious instinct which leads most men towards crowds, I went up to it; and, by the help of a tolerably tall figure, I looked over the heads of the people into the centre, at a group, the first sight of whom I shall not soon forget. There, before me, on the cold pavement, now wet with wintry rain, lay a little, a very little girl, fainting. Her face, which was deadly pale, looked worn and pinched by want into that aged, hard look so touching to see in the very young, because it tells of a premature exposure to trial and care, if not of a struggle literally for life. Her jet-black hair, of which she had a profusion, lay unbound over her shoulders like a mantle. Her dress was an old black velvet frock, covered with spangles, with a piece of something red sewn on the skirt, and a scarlet bodice. Her neck and arms were bare; and the gay dress, where it had been opened in front, showed nothing underneath it but the poor thin body. Her legs were blue and mottled with cold; and the tiny feet were thrust into wooden *sabots*, one of which had dropped off, a world too wide for the little foot it was meant to protect. A kind-looking elderly woman knelt on the pavement, and supported the child's head in her arms, chafing her cold hands, and trying, by every means in her power, to restore animation; and wandering uneasily up and down beside them, was a curious-looking nondescript figure, such as one can rarely meet with out of Paris. It was a poodle—at least so its restless, bead-like, black eyes and muzzle betokened, and also a suspicious-looking tuft of hair, now visible, waving above its garments—but the animal presented a most ludicrous appearance, from being dressed up in a very exact imitation of the costume of a fine lady during the century of Louis le Grand. The brilliant eyes were surmounted by a cleverly-contrived wig, frizzed, powdered, and sparkling with mock-jewels; the body decked out in a cherry-colored satin bodice, with a long peaked stomacher, trimmed with lace, and a stiff hoop, bell-like in shape, but, in proportion, far within the dimensions of a modern crinoline; even the high-heeled shoes of scarlet leather were not forgotten; and the strange anomaly between the animal and its disguise was irresistibly ludicrous. The dog was perfectly aware that something was going on—something strange, pitiful, and, what was more to the purpose, nearly concerning himself; and clever as he was, he could not yet see a way through his difficulties.

His misery was extreme; he pattered piteously up and down the space round the fainting child, and raised himself up anxiously on his hind-legs to peer into her little wan face, presenting thus a still more ludicrous aspect than before. With his wise doggish face peeping out curiously from the ridiculous human head-dress, he sniffed all over the various feet which encircled his precious mistress, suspiciously; and finally placing himself, still on his hind-legs, close by her side, he laid his head lovingly to her cheek, and uttered a low dismal howl, followed, after an instant's pause, by an impatient bark. The child stirred—roused apparently by the familiar sound—gasped for breath once or twice; and presently opening her eyes, she cried feebly: "Mouton, ou es tu donc?" He leaped up in an ecstasy, trying, in the height of his joy, to lick her face; but this was not to be: she pushed him away as roughly as the little feeble hand had strength to do.

"Ah, wicked dog, go away; you do mischief," she said, fixing a pair of eyes as round and almost as black as his own upon the unfortunate animal. He dropped instantly, and with a subdued, sorrowful air, lay down, licking diligently, in his humility, the little foot from which the sabot had fallen: he had evidently proved that submission was the only plan to pursue with his imperious mistress. The girl was stronger now, and able to sit up with the help of the good woman's knee, and she drank off a cup of milk which the compassionate wife of the *concierge* handed to her. "Thanks, madame," said the child with native politeness; "I am better now. You are a good Christian," she added, turning her head so as to look in the face of the woman who supported her.

"What are you called, my child?" asked her friend. "Where do you live?"

"Antoinette Elizabeth is my baptismal name," answered the child, with odd gravity; "but I am generally called *Poucette*, because, you see, I am small;" and a faint tinge of color came into her pale cheeks.

No wonder the name was bestowed upon her, for we could see that she was small—very small; and, from the diminutive size of her limbs, she seemed likely to remain so till the end of her days.

"Will you go home now?" asked the woman, after a moment's pause.

"No, not just yet," said the tiny being. "I have had no supper. I shall go to Emile, but Mouton may go home. Go!" she cried imperiously to the dog, as she swiftly slid off the marvellous dress and wig, out of which casing Mouton came forth an ordinary-looking and decidedly dirty poodle. He hesitated for an instant, when she raised her little clenched fist, and shook it fiercely at him, repeating "Go!" in louder tones. He wagged his tail deprecatingly, licked his black lips, looked imploringly at her out of his loving eyes, and seemed to beg permission to remain with her; but in vain; then, seeing her endeavor to rise, he turned, fled up the street with the swiftness of a bird, and disappeared round the corner. His mistress, in the meantime, folded up the dog's finery carefully, and deposited it inside her own poor garments; then, after an instant's pause, she rose to her feet, and looked round at us. She was well named Poucette: in stature she did not exceed a child of four years old; but she was perfectly made, and the limbs were in excellent proportion with the tiny stature, only her face showed age. There was a keen, worldly look about the mouth, with its thin scarlet lips; and a vindictive expression shining in the bold black eyes—altogether a hard-looking face, not at all attractive in its character; and yet I felt myself drawn to the poor child.

She was evidently half-starved, fighting her own hard battle with the world, and keeping her struggle as much to herself as she could; and when scanning curiously over the faces surrounding her, her eyes rested on mine, I stepped forward, and offered her a five-franc piece. To my surprise, she threw the money on the pavement with the bitterest scorn. "I don't want money," she shrieked passionately—"I want my supper. Go away, *canaille!*" I stooped down towards her, and took her hand. "Come with me," I said to her, "and you shall have some supper. I live close by." She stood on tip-toe even then, and peered into my face with her sharp eyes. Apparently, however, a short inspection satisfied her, for she said softly:—"Thank you," and tried to hold my hand. Finding it too much for her small grasp, she clung to my trowsers with one hand, and with the other she waved off the wondering bystanders with a most majestic air. I offered payment for the milk, which the good woman civilly refused; and then I sent for a *fiacre* in which to get to my lodgings in the Rue Rivoli, shrinking, I must confess, from the idea of the ridiculous figure I should cut walking along the streets with this absurd though unfortunate creature. Presently the concierge arrived with one, and we stepped in, Poucette entering majestically first. I gave the word, and we started. Hardly had we turned out of the street, when the impulsive child beside me seized me with both hands, and in an ecstacy of gratitude thanked me with streaming eyes for what I was doing for her. "I am starving," she sobbed—"I fainted from hunger. I have been dancing on the boulevard all day with Mouton, who is hungry, too, poor fellow, for he only got one small bit of bread which a little gentleman gave him this morning."

"Why did you not take the money, then?" I asked. "You might have bought food for yourself and Mouton."

"I did not want money," said the girl, proudly; "I don't beg."

"But you say you are hungry."

"That is nothing. I never beg; I dance; and to-night, when I have had some supper, I shall dance for you, and you shall see;" drawing herself up.

At this speech, I hesitated. What, in the world, had I to do with a dancing girl in my quiet bachelor-rooms? Did she intend taking them by storm, and quartering herself upon me, whether I liked it or not? The question was a difficult one; but yet, when I looked down at the tiny figure, with its poor, woebegone face, so thin and weary-looking, its utter weakness and dependence, I felt that, come what might, I could not act otherwise than I was doing.

"There, go up-stairs, *au troisième*," said I to my charge, as the fiacre stopped, and we got out; when lo! from behind a large stone close by the entrance to the *porte-cochere*, the black round eyes of Mouton glanced furtively out upon us. His behavior was exceedingly reserved; he durst not even wag his tail for fear of giving offence, but he glanced at me in the meekest, humblest entreaty ever dog did. "Don't send him away," I said to Poucette: "take him up-stairs with you; I wish him to remain."

She made no reply, but snapped her fingers encouragingly at him, and he followed her closely, as she walked up-stairs. I paused a moment with the concierge, to ask her to provide some dinner for my unexpected guests; and then mounted the stairs after them. I found Antoinette Elizabeth and her faithful follower seated at my door, gravely awaiting my arrival. Mouton recognized me as a friend, and faintly wagged his tail; evidently he was careful, in the presence of his mistress, upon whom he bestowed his favors. We entered my room, all three of us; and presently the dinner arrived, and was done ample justice to. Poucette ate heartily, but not ravenously; and after the meal was over, we drew our chairs round the fire, and sat eating walnuts. She asked then, with more timidity than she had yet shown:

"When shall we have the honor of dancing for monsieur?" raising her large black eyes, which had lost their fierce look, to my face.

"Not just yet, Poucette," I replied. "Tell me something about yourself first, and eat more walnuts."

She looked up sharply at this, as if to say, what business is that of yours; then away into the fire, which was evidently a novel luxury to her; and finally her glance rested on Mouton, who, having devoured every superfluous piece of meat, and gnawed the only bone at table, had now stretched himself on the hearth-rug, and slumbered peacefully at her feet.

"Monsieur is very good," she said presently, with a sigh, still with her eyes fixed on Mouton. "My history is nothing very great. I am not a Parisian; my father was a Norman."

"Is he alive now?" I asked, as she paused here.

"I don't know about that," she answered, haughtily. "He was a wicked man. Monsieur understands me?" she said, questioningly, with a piercing look.

"Yes, poor child. And your mother, what of her?"

"She is an angel," faltered the girl. "She went up to heaven last Christmas," and tears filled her eyes as she said it.

"How have you lived since?"

"Oh, that was at Marseille; and I came on here with Mouton. We dance," she continued, in a firmer voice; "we go out with a man called Emile, who plays the organ very well; and he has another dog, like Mouton, only not at all clever; the stupid creature can only hold a basket in his mouth and beg for sous; he has no talent." She shrugged her shoulders, and continued: "We live with Emile and his wife; they are not always kind to me; but I love Jean."

"Who is this Jean?" I asked.

"Ah! he is a poor boy," she replied; the whole expression of her countenance softening at his name, and the sallow cheeks crimsoning with a tender flush. "He is lame; he cannot walk; and is pulled about in a little carriage; but he does not like to beg, so Emile will not take him out with us."

"Is Emile his father?" I asked.

"No, monsieur; his father is dead, but his mother is Emile's wife. I take care of Jean myself."

"Are they good to you?"

"Yes, pretty well. You see, I dance for them, and people give more money because I am there; and then Mouton is so clever; one does not easily meet with a dog like that, who will stand on his hind legs for an hour together, and dance as he does. Look at his dress, too," and she pulled out of the bosom of her frock Mouton's paraphernalia, and displayed it with evident pride. "In my opinion, now, there is no such dress as that for a dog in all Paris," she said, as she held it up admiringly to the lamp. "Jean made those shoes; aren't they droll? And the wig, look, that is superb!"

"Who made the wig?" I asked.

"Ah! it was a little boy, who is apprenticed to a wig maker," she answered. "Monsieur, it was a bargain between us: he wanted something from me, and—and I said I would give it him if he made a wig for Mouton; and this is the wig. He is not bad himself, that little boy; but he is not at all so good as Jean."

"How old is Jean?" I asked.

"He is twelve years old, monsieur."

"And you?"

"I am ten," she replied, with a little sigh and a blush. "But I may grow still, may I not?" she asked timidly, looking up into my face so pathetically, that I had hardly sufficient gravity to answer, "Yes, of course; you will doubtless grow for a long time yet."

"Ah! that is exactly what Jean says," she exclaimed gaily; then added in a lower voice: "Jean says he likes little people best; but you see he may say that because he likes me."

I answered nothing to this; and presently she roused herself from a little reverie, and said: "Now we shall dance for you, because it gets late, and I must go home."

"If you like to remain here all night," I said, "the wife of the concierge will let you sleep in a little room off theirs, downstairs; and when you have had some breakfast, you can then return."

"No, no," she repeated sharply; "I will not sleep here; I go home to Jean."

"Will Emile be glad to see you?"

"That depends; if he is cross he will beat me for staying so long; but it does not matter; I wished to stay, and I liked my dinner, and this warm fire" (she looked wistfully at it). "Monsieur is very good. Come, Mouton, my friend; wake yourself up."

The dog rose, shook himself, and patiently allowed himself to be dressed once more. He took an unfair advantage of his mistress, however, when she knelt down to put on his shoes, and licked her face. "Ah, *cochon*, how often must I box your ears for that trick!" she said, as she gave him a tap on the side of his head, for the liberty. "Come, now, walk along." The dog paced soberly towards the door on his hind-legs. "That is the *ancien regime*," she explained to me. "Now, Mouton, show us how people walk at the present day." The dog stopped, and at once imitated the short, mincing step of a Parisian belle, shaking his hoop from side to side in most ludicrous fashion; and as he reached his mistress, he dropped a little awkward quick courtesy.

"That is well," she said. "Now sing for us like Madame G——," naming a famous opera-singer, whose fame was then at its height, and she laid a light piece of music-paper across his paws. The dog looked closely down on the paper for an instant, licked his lips, looked round at an imaginary audience, and then throwing back his head, and fixing his black eyes on the ceiling, he uttered a howl so shrill and piercing that I stopped my ears; he then ceased for an instant, looked at his music attentively, then at his audience, and again uttered that ear-piercing howl. "That is enough," said Poucette: "bow to the company." The dog rose and sank with the grace almost of the prima donna herself.

"Now, Mouton, we are going to dance;" and taking the animal by its paw, she put the other arm round it, and the two whirled round in a waltz, keeping admirable time to a tune which Poucette whistled. "Now read a book and rest yourself whilst I dance;" and again the piece of music was laid on Mouton's paws, and he bent his eyes on it apparently with the most devoted attention, whilst Poucette slipped off her heavy sabots, and with naked feet thrust into a pair of old satin slippers, which she produced from some pocket in her dress, she executed a sort of fancy dance, half Cachuca, half Bolero, throwing herself into pretty, graceful attitudes, with a step as light as a fairy's; then, as she approached Mouton in the figure, she lifted the music, and taking him by one paw, she led him forward to the front of my chair on the points of her toes, the two courtesying nearly to the ground, when Mouton affectionately kissed his mistress on the cheek.

"There, it is over now," said Poucette; "that is all. He does not know the minuet perfectly yet; next week, perhaps, we shall try it for the *Jour de l'An*."

"Well done!" I exclaimed, and clapped my hands.

"He is a famous dog; and you—you dance beautifully.

Mouton came to be patted and made much of; and his mistress now announced her intention of going home at once. Finding it useless to try and induce her to stay, I offered to go with her myself, and see her safely through the still crowded streets; but this she firmly declined.

"No, not to-night," she said. "You may come to-morrow, if you will be so kind, but not to-night. You have been very good, monsieur; I am not ungrateful. You may come to-morrow; Rue ——, No. —, quite close to Notre Dame." She took my hand, raised it to her lips, courtesied, and was gone.

I followed her down-stairs, and watched the little figure hurrying along with a firm step, upright as a dart, the light from the gas-lamps falling now and then on the spangles of her dress, and making them twinkle for an instant; and the dark outline of Mouton following closely behind her, under the shadow of the houses. Presently they crossed the street, and disappeared in the distance; and I turned and walked up-stairs to my cozy well-lighted room, to think over the strange life of a street dancing girl.

After this, I made inquiries about Poucette in the part of the town where she lived, and visited the man Emile and his wife often. Here I found the cripple boy Jean, to whom Poucette clung with a tenacity of affection that was touching to witness. He had had a fall as an infant, so his mother said, and never had walked; but his fingers were skillful in making toys, baskets, and small rush-mats, which Poucette sold during her daily rounds. To him she devoted her affections, her life, with a steady ardor not often met with at her age. Towards others, she was always grave, distant, often haughty and bitter in her expressions of anger, but to him never. However tired she might return home after dancing or selling his wares on the boulevard, she never showed him that she was so; if he wished to go out, she drew him in a rude wooden sledge to the gardens of the Luxembourg; and the two would sit there by the hour together on Sundays, criticising the passers-by as they walked about in their gay dresses. At night, if the invalid was restless or in pain, Poucette sat beside him, sometimes till day dawned, with a sympathizing cheerful face, ready to attend upon every want. There she shone; but take away Jean out of her world, and Poucette stood forth a vixen. Madame Emile, who was herself somewhat of a shrew, vowed that if it were not that she and Jean were so bound up together, and nothing could separate them, she must have sent away Poucette long ago.

"No one could endure her temper, monsieur," she would declare to me; and when she began upon this subject, madame waxed eloquent. "She is a girl such as there is not besides in Paris. For Jean, she will give up dress, company, the theatre, everything; but except for him, she would not go one step out of her way to be made an empress. It is not natural that. After she first came here, we had a great deal of trouble with her, and Emile beat her well; but then she would run away in a rage, and come back again during the night, for fear Jean should want something. Now, we are more used to her, and we let her have her own way pretty much."

Jean I could get nothing out of except a "Bonjour, monsieur" at entering and on leaving his house. He sat silently plaiting his mats or carving toys with his long fingers, looking as if he neither heard nor understood what we were talking about; but he carefully repeated all the conversation afterwards to his friend Poucette, for she told me so often when we were together. She used to come and see me at my rooms, when it was wet, or business was slack; and I succeeded in finding a customer for her wares in a toy-merchant, who promised to take all Jean's work at a reasonable price, and was liberal towards the two children. Poucette was thus able to give up her public dancing, and stay more at home; and the toyman's daughter taught her dainty embroidery, in which her skillful fingers soon excelled. She tamed down wonderfully that winter and even made some efforts to learn reading, as I suggested to her what a source of pleasure it would be to Jean, whose thirst for hearing stories related was intense, if he could read them for himself. But she was very slow at this; the letters proved a heavy task to learn, and when we came to spelling, I often despaired; still she toiled on, and when I left Paris in May, she could read a very little.

Six months passed, and again I turned my steps to my old winter-quarters. The summer and autumn had been spent by me partly in England and partly in Switzerland. My protegee was unable to write, and I had heard nothing of her since I left Paris. I had not returned there longer than a week, when I set off into the Cite, to discover again my little pupil. It was much the same sort of a day as that on which we had first met; cold, dank, misty rain kept falling, and the streets were wet and sloppy. The part of the town where Poucette lived was wretchedly poor, dingy, and dirty-looking, especially in such weather as I now visited it, and the reputed haunt of thieves and evil-doers of various kinds. I picked my way along narrow, ill-paved streets, with the gutters in the middle, and at last I reached her old abode. There was no one stirring about; but the door was ajar. I pushed it open, and walked in. The dwelling had once been some nobleman's hotel in bygone days, and its rooms were large and lofty, and at present each inhabited by different poor families. Emile's was on the ground floor—a long room, formerly used as a guard-room or for playing billiards in. It had one large window, opening in the centre, and crossed outside with thick iron bars, which partially excluded the light. I was confused on entering from the outer air, and at first could only perceive that the room was filled with a crowd of people, of various ages and sexes, but all of the lowest order, some sitting, some standing. A woman came forth to meet me, whom I recognized as Madame Emile, sobbing and holding her apron to her eyes. "Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" she whispered, as she looked at me and clasped her hands piteously; the poor Poucette; how hard it is. Monsieur, you are welcome; but this is a sorrowful time; she is much hurt." She led me gently through the various groups, all sorrowfully silent, towards a low pallet, at the head of the room, where, crushed, bleeding, and now insensible from pain, lay the form of poor Poucette. "What is this?" I asked, in a whisper. "How did it happen?"

"Ah, it was a vile remise," eagerly answered a dozen voices. "She was returning home yesterday from selling the mats, and the driver was drunk. She fell in crossing, and he did not see her. The wheel crushed her poor chest. Ah, she will die, the unhappy child!"

"Where is Jean?" I asked.

His mother silently pointed out what looked like a bundle of clothes huddled up in the bed beside the dying child. She was dying, my poor Poucette. One of the kind-hearted surgeons from the Hospital had been to see her early that morning, and pronounced that besides the blow on her chest, which was of itself a dangerous one, severe internal injuries had taken place, which must end her life in a few hours. Poor Poucette! I seated myself by the little couch in the dark room, which was so soon to be filled by the presence of death, and presently the surgeon came again. All eyes turned anxiously towards him as he walked to the bed, and kneeling down beside it, carefully examined the poor little sufferer, whose only sign of consciousness was a groan of anguish now and then.

"Can nothing be done for her?" I asked, as he rose to his feet and stood by the bed, looking pityingly down at the two children.

"Nothing whatever," he said, with a mournful shake of his head. "She will not last through the night."

"Does she suffer?" I asked.

"Acutely, but it will not be for long. Mortification is setting in rapidly." He paused, then added: "She will probably regain consciousness at the last;" and left the room.

Slowly the weary hours glided on; gradually the moans became weaker, and the pulse quick and fitful. Suddenly she opened her eyes, and looked at me inquiringly; then her eyes fell on Jean, who lay at her side, and uttered an exclamation of joy. "I am not in pain now," she said faintly; "that is over. Ah, my good monsieur, you said you would return. I am glad."

"I am grieved to find you thus, Poucette," I whispered. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Perhaps you would like to have Mouton," she said calmly, as if thinking aloud.

"I will keep him, if you like it," I replied. "Is there anything else you would like?"

"Only Jean, dear Jean," and her soft dark eyes were fixed timidly yet imploringly on my face.

"I will take care of Jean."

"The good God reward you, my kind monsieur! That is all that I want. Adieu, madame. Adieu, my good friends. It is over." Just then, Mouton raised himself on his hind-legs by the bed, and peered anxiously into her face. She put out her little right hand, and gently patted his head; then, with a last effort, she turned round from us, and flung one tiny arm round the crippled boy at her side. "I love you, always!" she whispered, as she bent over and kissed him. It was a last effort. A slight shiver passed over the little figure; one long-drawn sigh escaped the white lips. Poucette was gone to her mother; the wanderer had been taken home: the desolate one was comforted!

My tale is ended, except to say that, from that evening, Mouton has been my inseparable companion. He is by no means, however, as complaisant to me as he was to his mistress; on the contrary, Mouton, like many other *nouveaux riches*, is rather a spoiled dog, and the tyrant of my small household. Jean became a basket-maker, and it is not improbable that my fair readers may have in their possession some of the productions of his skillful fingers. Such was the fruit of my Christmas-eve in Paris six years ago. I have never spent one there since.

THE PRESENT.

Why do we heap huge mounds of years,
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
Like angels on the wind?

Each turning round a small sweet face
As beautiful as near;
Because it is so small a face,
We will not see it clear;

We will not clasp it as it flies,
And kiss its lips and brow;
We will not bathe our wearied souls
In its delicious Now.

And so it turns from us, and goes
Away in sad disdain:
Though we would give our lives for it,
It never comes again.

Physical Pride.

The world in general, comprising writers as well as readers, has been always extremely severe against Spiritual Pride; and this is not to be wondered at, because persons in the enjoyment of that attribute are forever anathematizing "the world," in the most unmeasured, though vague terms, as if they themselves had no connection with it, but belonged to some very superior planet. Still, why should Spiritual Pride be so belabored, while pride of another sort, but at least equally offensive, escapes scot-free? This is an idea which forces itself upon my mind whenever I read one of those bitter rejoinders with which the Saturday Review, for instance, so often favors the so-called "religious public." What can a Saturday Reviewer, or indeed his readers, know about spiritual pride, and what harm did it ever do *them?* Such diatribes are a waste of power. Permit me to direct the attention of the conductors of that organ, whose aim has been ever to unshackle the social chain, to a more deserving object, and yet one which has sufficient respectability and good character to insure their antagonism. I refer to Physical Pride.

The glory of a young man is his strength; but that is no reason why he should be perpetually baring his arm to show the public his *biceps*. Between the author of *Tom Brown* and the author of *Guy Livingstone* there is a considerable gulf; but it is entirely filled up by works of fiction in praise of the muscles, and out of this literature has sprung a morbid craving after single-stick, dumb bells, inordinate pedestrianism, washing as though a blackamoor should strive to make himself white, and ventilation to that extent that one might as well live in a wind-mill as in a house with all the latest improvements. Let us say a word or two in season against Limitless Washing—a matter which has become a serious nuisance among the higher classes, and even begins to threaten the lower. It has come to that pass, that one gentleman thinks another unclean who does not step from his bed every morning into a tub of ice-cold water. Cleanliness is a virtue, of course, but when a man allows himself to be puffed up with the consciousness of using a shower-bath, or gives himself airs upon the strength of flesh-brushes, his self-righteousness has evidently passed beyond its due bounds. Why should this manly virtue be made the subject of boastful triumph? If I am beautiful, (which I am,) and take pains with my personal adornment, I don't remark how neatly my hair is parted to every acquaintance whom I happen to meet, and who, moreover, can see it for himself; if I cultivate my mind, (which I do,) I don't brag to my friends of how many encyclopædias I have swallowed lately. Why, then, should I exclaim: "Ha, ha! I am warm! I am all in a glow!—

Nothing is like a cold shower-bath." Then, (contemptuously,) "*You* don't take shower-baths. *Ah!* I shouldn't think I was *washed* unless I took a shower-bath." Now, I meet ten of these foolish physical fanatics for one who is the prey to spiritual pride.

Again, there is Pedestrianism—a very harmless and laudable pursuit, although, in my judgment, not much of a recreation. Any man has, of course, a right to walk his legs off if he pleases; but the privilege should surely cease with *his own* legs. The legislature has not suspended the law of *habeas corpus* in favor of the Alpine Club. No walker, be he ever so great a walker, has a right to take me captive, and bid me accompany him to the mountain-top whether I will or not; nor, if I refuse, may he address me in contumelious language. And yet, in point of fact, he does this. He cross-examines me as to how many miles I generally do in an hour, (as though I were Captain Barclay;) he affirms roughly that my pace is a snail's pace; he says I should step out *like a man*—as though my general mode of progression was upon all-fours. He treats me, in short, as though I were his novice in unsatisfactory training for a match in Copenhagen Fields. I am continually meeting persons of this class—and they are most offensive; their numbers are increasing every day; the clubs are infested with them; it has become quite an advantage to be placed out of reach of their advice or solicitations by the possession of a wooden leg. You may talk of the pretensions of the "unco guid," but nothing can exceed the overbearing arrogance of the physically proud. They do not walk for amusement, for they never exchange a word when they are about it, or look to right or left; the tread-mill would afford them every sensation for which they seek the Alps; nor do they walk for health. They walk for walking's sake—just as a glutton eats for eating's sake; walking is the be-all and the end-all of their lives; while nothing comes of it except perspiration, and a self-conceit that would disgrace a dancing-master.

Even more than for inordinate Washing is the present *furor* for a superabundance of fresh Air within doors. You may take a horse to water—I mean, you may take a man to a shower-bath in the depth of January, but you can't make him pull the string; but if you ventilate your house according to the latest improvements, and he is fool enough to accept your invitation to come and see you, he is perforce exposed to every wind that blows there. I have known several what were once comfortable country-houses turned into winnowing-machines by these contrivances for health—all off-springs of the fiend of physical pride. It is under pretence of making me robust, powerful, muscular, that these appliances are sought out, which, on the contrary, never fail to give me catarrh and rheumatism. I am quite aware of their "good intentions," to which I cordially wish the position which the proverb assigns to them. But, for my part, I would prefer to be a little less muscular and rather warmer; I would bate a few inches of the circumference of my calf, rather than have the window open for an equal space while the east wind is blowing; I would rather have my cheeks less like a penny, provided that my teeth did not chatter with the cold inside them. Now this always happens when I go to see my ventilated friends in the winter months. They assure me that their object is to attain an equable temperature throughout their residences, and I will bear them witness that this they have effected, for one room is as cold as another. They add, however, that this temperature is a warm fresh air.

"It is *fresh* enough, I have no doubt," return I scornfully.

Then they produce, with vulgar triumph, a very complicated thermometer.

"My good friends," say I, "I would much rather that you brought me a charcoal stove. For though your arts should cause that instrument to stand at 180 degrees, I am none the less cold or out of a draught."

There are draughts everywhere in those houses—currents of air such as you meet at the corners of the streets, and which tempt you to protect yourself with an umbrella. In the drawing-room of one of my ventilating friends, in particular, there is a draught that would blow an umbrella inside out. In the window there is a melancholy machine that moans like an Æolian harp swept by the icy fingers of the east wind. In the centre of the apartment are two curious pillars, gorgeously decorated without, but within full of nothing but the bitterest winds. These, I understand, are modelled after those ventilators which, on board convict ships and over-crowded emigrant vessels, give air to the hold; but—gracious goodness—*my* blood is not bilge-water, that it should require purification of this sort. To the uninitiated guest these shifting columns, now shrunk and now distended, are objects of exceeding wonder. A too curious little boy-stranger once picked one of them with a pin, and that drawing-room was transformed upon the instant into a cavern of Æolus. The poor child was taken up in a whirlwind, and carried about the room like Mr. Home, to the total destruction of the chandelier—at least that is what I *heard*. But the worst part of that windy drawing-room still remains to be spoken of: this is the fire-place itself. Yes; the one oasis where it might reasonably be imagined that warmth and shelter were to be found, is a noiseless winnowing-machine. Immediately beneath the mantelpiece, just where the small of your back comes, when you would warm yourself with your coat-tails under your arms, there rushes in a torrent of what my friend mendaciously asserts to be warm air. It is as cold as any air I know. I am afflicted with chronic lumbago from having incautiously exposed myself to it; for who would guess that at the very hearthstone of one's friend such an enemy was at work. "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw," surely one from just under the mantelpiece is the most detestable. I could use much stronger language without impropriety, considering the heinous character of this device; but I leave it to the Archbishop of York. He has given a subject to *me*, who am a sensation novelist; let me give him one in return. *Physical Pride*, my Lord Archbishop. That is a growing evil, which your pastoral staff has as yet, I believe, left untouched. I am not fond of ventilation, but I should like to see you ventilate that subject most uncommonly.

☞ CLOTHES.—An Englishman has taken the pains to weigh the clothes worn by a lady of eighteen, of average size, and says their weight is fourteen and a quarter pounds. He thinks there is no doubt that, by continually carrying this burden about them, ladies waste their physical strength.

☞ Tell a man in a single word that he took a late breakfast.—At ten-you ate.

ALONE.

The rain is sobbing on the wold;
The house is dark, the hearth is cold;
And stretching drear and ashy grey
Beyond the cedars lies the bay.

The winds are moaning as they pass
Through tangled knots of autumn grass—
A weary, dreary sound of woe,
As if all joy were dead below.

I sit alone, I wait in vain
Some voice to lull this nameless pain,
But from my neighbor's cottage near
Come sounds of happy household cheer.

My neighbor at his window stands,
His youngest baby in his hands;
The others seek his tender kiss,
And one sweet woman crowns his bliss.

I look upon the rainy wild;
I have no wife, I have no child;
There is no fire upon my hearth,
And none to love me on the earth.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SHADOW DEEPENS.

The time had passed so quickly—for much had happened in it—that Theo only felt astonishment and no particular uneasiness when the truth dawned upon her one morning that it was just six weeks since Harold Ffrench had appeared before her and asked her to let him carry away with him the conviction that she would become his wife on his return. Just six weeks since that day, and during the whole of that time he had made no sign, had written no word!

Still she only felt astonishment, no uneasiness mingled with the sensation as yet. She had had plenty to think about and plenty to do during these six weeks. She had had to bear her share in the family rejoicing consequent on this long-looked-for appointment, and in the packing-up and unpacking that it involved. Bodily activity does away with the possibility of much mental bemoaning. Theo had been very busy, too busy to nurse idle fears and doubts that time alone could realise or dispel.

The place was pleasant to her, for it was in summer weather that Theo came to her new abode, and the quarters that had been assigned to Mr. Leigh had an out-look over the river. It was all new, and strange, and eminently satisfactory to her father. Therefore was the place pleasant to Theo, and she did not know the people yet.

But when they had been resident about a month, and were considered to have shaken down and to have adapted themselves to their niches, their existence began to be socially recognized in due form. People called upon them with rigorous solemnity, and made them welcome after the decorous fashion of the place.

They were merely names to her as yet, she had no idea as to their relative importance, or of what station they took in the rigid scale of the place. Indeed she did not know that the place had a scale at this time. She learnt that in company with much else that was pleasant and beneficial by-and-by.

About a fortnight after the calling commenced Theo came into the big drawing-room, whose proportions had been kept intact when the building was apportioned into quarters, and found her mamma entertaining an elderly lady and her daughter, to whom Theo was forthwith introduced. They were Mrs. and Miss Scott, and the elderly lady had no peculiarly distinguishing traits about her, but the girl, her daughter, had.

She was sitting on a couch far away from her mother and hostess when Theo entered; looking not exactly out of temper or contemptuous,—her face was naturally too brightly frank and good-humored for that,—but wearily fatigued at the repetition of that which she had heard so many times before. For her mamma was giving the new comer, Mrs. Leigh, a history in outline of the faults and follies of the denizens of the establishment, and Sydney Scott was sick of the subject.

She was a pretty girl with great deep-gray eyes, a broad brow, and a very fair delicate complexion,—a short plump girl with tiny white hands, and a well-cut laughing mouth. But her greatest charm lay in that aforesaid expression of frankness and in her apparently effortless *bonhomie*.

She had walked to the window and seated herself upon an ottoman which was there, after rising to meet Theo. As Theo followed her and took a place by her side, she commenced the conversation abruptly by saying—

"Are you glad you're here, Miss Leigh?"

"I hardly feel as if I were here yet," Theo replied.

"I asked, because its the regulation speech, only I don't put it in the proper words; I'm glad you were not impostor enough to say you *were* glad, and that it was delightful; newcomers and outsiders are always told that it's a little heaven, and they pretend to believe it; after a time they rush to the other extreme and think it a little something else."

"I suppose it's very much like other places," Theo answered with as much interest as she could throw into her tone. She was feeling that in a short time probably it would matter little to her individually whether this place were paradisical as a residence or not.

"No," Miss Sydney Scott replied, shaking her head resolutely, as if such a supposition were not to be admitted for an instant, "that's just exactly what I complain of; it is not like other places, it's unlike anything the imagination of those blest enough not to live in it can conceive. Let me see, your father is a lieutenant, isn't he?"

Theo nodded.

"Ugh!" the girl exclaimed, shrugging her shoulders. "Well, you know—but are you up in the grades already?"

"I have heard very little 'service' talked; it doesn't make much difference to a man when he's on shore whether he's an admiral or a lieutenant (except so far as the pay is concerned) so long as he's a gentleman."

"Oh, does it not! well, I hope you will retain your illusions. If you do you will be more fortunate than I have been. It makes this difference here, in the one case you are admitted to the blessings of intimacy, in the other, the sun of patronage occasionally irradiates your path."

"And who is big enough to patronize? Granted that I am very small indeed, still, the patronage isn't a necessity. I can keep out of the way of it."

"Then you'll be cleverer than I have been, and I ain't at all addicted to the virtue of humility. I abominate people who give balls and ask me to them in a sort of merciful manner, as if I were not quite up to the mark but should be granted the inestimable privilege of curvetting and capriolling about their rooms. I can't help their asking me, you know, or their manner of doing so either, worse luck."

"But you could help going, couldn't you?" Miss Sydney Scott and her outspoken sentiments were beginning to interest Theo.

Sydney made a grimace.

"Ah! there it is; I am but human, and I like dancing. Now don't look as if you thought me weak, it's one of the effects of the place; you're not a snob now, but you'll be one if you stay here long. If you get the conviction into your mind that in every other house in the place the girls are reorganizing their wreathe and dresses for some particular ball you will want to go to that ball, and you won't think about the manner of the invitation till after it's over."

"Oh! won't I! if the manner's unpleasant that's just the first thing I should think about. But you hav'nt told me yet who are your big people and who are your little people."

"'Where ignorance is bliss,' &c., Miss Sydney quoted. "It's hard to say, such a mere accident sends them up. There was a sweet little woman here once, I forget whose wife she was, few of them knew anything about her, or where she went, or who where her friends, for she never talked large; she was regarded as very insignificant, for she didn't visit the magnates here. But one day the Duchess of ———'s carriage was seen at her door, and then she went up like a rocket. She told me the story herself."

"Unfortunately a duchess's carriage is never likely to be seen at our door; if that is the price of admission into the regions of the select I can never pay it; but do you know" (and she laughed,) "I think I can survive my inability."

Miss Sydney Scott looked at her curiously.

"Do you go in for common sense?" she asked dubiously.

Theo shook her head, by way not so much of negative as of evading the question.

"Ah! I'm glad you don't, because if you did I should fight shy of you; and as it is I have rather taken a liking to you, because you're not a bit of a humbug, at least,"—Sydney hastily corrected herself,—"you don't *seem* a humbug, but then I've been awfully deceived in women," the frank-faced cynic continued, "and latterly I have been surrounded by such precious queer specimens."

"I suppose we're all humbugs, more or less," Theo answered. She was thinking of Kate's charm and Kate's easily-shifted friendship. Her new acquaintance combatted the notion.

"No, no, we are not; I am not, for instance. I always say what I think, and do as I like."

"Except when you smile and suffer and go to balls where you fancy you are asked on sufferance," Theo interrupted.

"Ah! that's exceptional; besides that isn't all humbug even. I go for a reason; I go well-dressed, and all the men like me, and that puts my entertainers and their daughters out wonderfully."

Some very real, true, and not unnatural vanity flashed up into the fair, frank face as she spoke. Theo could readily enough believe that this girl was "liked," ay, even more than that by many.

"Come and walk with me to-morrow," Miss Sydney said, rising, as she saw her mamma getting under weigh for departure, and I'll show you all our purgatorial places of promenade. Oh, yes, and the South Road; it's a great institution, the South Road."

"I shall be very happy to come. Why is it a great institution?"

"We all see each other there, and pass each other with little surprised bows, and—oh! well, you will soon discover for yourself why the South Road is affected beyond all other outlets from this refuge for the destitute. Do you ride?"

"Yes."

"Will you ride with me?"

"Yes, if I can hire a horse."

"That's right," heartily; "don't mind what I have said. If you'll ride with me I shall drop into my old habits again, and not brood over my grievances here. I have only got into the way of growling because I have been cut off from my old occupations. Come to-morrow and we'll arrange." With that Miss Sydney Scott departed, after having administered the most cordial and impressive shake to it that Theo's hand had ever received.

The fair face had wrought its usual charm. Theo was very much taken with it and its off-hand possessor, although she felt that the frankness was partly affectation, and the rebellion against the order of things considerably exaggerated. Still the frankness was pleasing, and the exaggeration was in no wise offensive. Added to this Sydney had seemed to like her (Theo) very much; and there is a subtle flattery in such seeming, though we may feel all the while that it will soon break down.

They went out for the proposed walk the next day, Miss Sydney armed with a big key, by means of which she procured for herself and companion the inestimable boon of ingress to a park through a door that was closed to the public. To be sure they had to go slightly out of their way in order to avail themselves of this privilege. But then it was a privilege, and as such to be enjoyed. The big key was heavy also, and Sydney soon palpably tired of carrying it. As a badge of office, so to say, it was a pleasure, in itself simply a burden and a mistake. However, Sydney had volunteered to do the honors to the new arrival, and she was resolved to do them with all the attendant glories.

I am afraid that Theo was chiefly familiar with this place to which she had come through the medium of novels. She had visions of the Virgin Queen coquetting over her ruff with Leicester on the terrace, and riding a-hawking through the sylvan shades of the park with ever so many more. It was disappointing to come suddenly on to a flat outside the schools connected with the establishment and find kiss-in-the-ring going on, and a general atmosphere of orange-peel pervading everything.

"So this is the park?" she asked.

"Yes; haven't you been here yet? odious cockney place! and I don't know whether the common is not worse; isn't it dummy?" Sydney asked, suddenly seating herself on a bench and motioning for Theo to sit beside her.

"There is a view that makes up for the 'dumminess' in a measure," Theo said, pointing as she spoke away through a vista that admitted a view of the river.

"Does it make up for it indeed? I wish it did, that's all; oh! it *is* stagnation and nothing else in this place, Theo; the very worst of its kind, too, pretentious stagnation; we all make believe to be rather garrison-towny than otherwise, and we get up such surprising animation about such uncommonly small excitements."

"Why do you make believe about it?"

"It would be duller than it is if we didn't, and I do it because the rest do; you'll be the same before long."

"It won't seem dull to me," Theo said, leaning back and looking away over the river. "I have lived nearly all my life in a little country village, away on the east coast; and you know a life in a country village isn't one of dissipation precisely."

"You'll go to the *soiree* next week?" Sydney asked, without vouchsafing any notice to Theo's last speech.

"I have heard nothing about it. I have had no invitation."

"It is not a case of having an invitation: your father will subscribe, and so you'll go there with a fraction of a share in the honor of the entertainment; you have the privilege of taking friends with you too, which is something if you have a grudge against anybody," Miss Sydney said, with a laugh of the most affable nature. "The wretched friends get it both ways," she continued merrily, "they have to be grateful to you for giving them some hours of unhappiness; it's great fun."

"I'll keep my friends away, then, till I have found from experience that you are painting the lily."

"My remark applies only to lady friends. We admit of no rivalry on our own peculiar ground; that is our special territory, you know; and as we're quite enough to hold it, our name being legion, I think that it's only fair to depress and so drive away interlopers. I only tell you this, in order that you may give any lady against whom you've a mild spite a ticket for the next. Now I have been candid; don't poach upon me; if you do I will never tell you anything again. Every one would indignantly repudiate the idea of there being any truth in what I have said, may be (I'll be charitable) they would delude themselves into the belief that there *is* no truth in it. But you take some girl there attractive enough to rival the daughters of the land, and make all the best men visibly eager to inscribe their names on her card, and see if you like what will be said about her afterwards."

"I don't think I should mind what was said, if there was really nothing to say," Theo replied. Then the two girls got up and walked away through the park and over the common, and into a grove, with detached villas on either side, called Rockheath Park.

As they walked along they fell to discussing, with the usual absence of relevancy and reason in such cases, appearances and slander, and their own immaculate conduct and other people's ill-nature. At least it was Sydney who discoursed upon these two latter things—Sydney who looked so bright and cloudless, but who, according to her own account, had been the butt at which countless shafts of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness had been let fly. It was not until she had listened to energetic and repeated disavowals of being either, that Theo came to the conclusion that her new friend wished to be considered fast and a flirt.

"I am called a *fac simile* of 'Kate Coventry,' just as if I were anything of the kind; isn't it absurd?"

"Very absurd, unless you're like her, which you say you're not," Theo answered carelessly.

"Ah, but one can hardly judge of yourself; I don't think it's any bad compliment to be told so, is it? Hargrave, of the ———th said it first, and since then I've heard it till I'm sick of it."

"I don't think it is either a bad or a good compliment; but if I were sick of it I would tell people so, especially Hargrave of the ———th, who as he set the ball rolling can probably stop it."

"You are laughing at me, and I hate to be laughed at," Miss Sydney said ingenuously.

"Not at all; I was but agreeing with you."

Sydney paused for a minute; but she evidently liked her subject, for she presently resumed:

"That's not so bad, is it, though, as being called a flirt? Now could you stand that?"

"Oh, it's but one of the many things that are *said*; it's meaningless, because it's said by some one of every one. I heard a frisky old thing of fifty once called a 'sad flirting naughty thing' by a dreadful toady who knew she would like it; it is not nice, of course."

"No, it's not nice," Sydney said, dubiously; she had rather liked the reputation on the whole, therefore there was not much heartiness in her assent. Suddenly she brightened up again, and spoke with her usual force:

"Mind you do go to the next *soiree*, whether you follow my advice about taking a friend or not. I'll introduce you to a great friend of mine, Hargrave; I wouldn't introduce him to any one else, but I will to you."

"That's very good of you; is he so precious?"

"I don't know about his being so precious, only he's my great friend, and I don't choose that he should diffuse himself too freely; he's very handsome, in thorough good style; don't you fall in love with him, for I wouldn't stand that."

"I won't try you so far," Theo replied quickly; she felt momentarily indignant at being supposed to be capable of such a weakness, even by one who was ignorant of Harold Ffrench's existence, as well as of that mighty man's claims upon her heart.

"Are you engaged already, then?" Sydney asked, opening her eyes a little wider, and when Theo had replied "Yes," Miss Sydney went on to ask—"Whom to? what's his name?" with most engaging, frank curiosity. But before Theo could answer this, a voice came over the hedge of one of the villa gardens to the right which struck her dumb.

"Good-by till to-morrow, then, to-morrow at five." Then the words grew indistinct, and Theo had time to realize that it was Mr. Linley's voice that she had heard, and to hope that she would not meet him before she caught any more. Then she heard him say something about "Mr. Ffrench," with a laugh, and the next instant he was coming out through the gate and advancing towards her.

"Ah! Miss Leigh, this is a pleasure!" Theo had to look as if she thought it one too, and to hold out her hand.

"You have walked over from Bretford, I suppose? I heard from Mrs. Galton of your father's appointment; I congratulate you upon it." Then he lowered his voice and added—"And about something else more immediately interesting to you, I suppose I ought to offer my congratulations, but I cannot."

She looked up, subduing her blushes as well as she could, and shaking off her discomfiture.

"You are very kind about papa," she said. Then she held out her hand to wish him good-by, and make him understand that she wanted to go on.

"I am unkind then, you think, about that other thing; ah, well!"—thus far he had almost whispered, at least he had spoken in that low soft tone which is far more likely to salute the ear *alone* for which it is intended than a mere whisper. He now added aloud:

"You will permit me to walk back across the common with you: I am going to Bretford."

"If Miss Scott—that is, I mean—allow me to introduce you: Mr. Linley, Miss Scott," Theo said hurriedly.

She was put out at his attaching himself to her in this way; she did not in the least know how to shake him off, and she was well aware that Harold Ffrench would be annoyed when he came to hear of it.

Sydney—merry, loquacious, amiable Sydney—would not assist her in this straight. Miss Scott had given one comprehensive glance at Mr. Linley when he had first appeared, and she thought him old and ugly, uncommonly ugly. His name just struck her as being the same as stood on the back of a novel that she had been reading lately. But she did not think of associating this man with the author, and even had she done so she would have felt no greater interest in him. He was elderly and ugly, and he was arrayed, in this bright summer weather, in dark and dingy clothes. Sydney only thought well at first sight of those who wore flowers in their button-holes, and the palest mauve gloves, and waistcoats of tender tints. An elderly ill-dressed man was an abomination to her; therefore she walked along now with her pretty nose in the air, and would not assist Theo in bearing this incubus by so much as a word.

It was a terrible incubus to Theo, although she had not a particle of personal dislike to him. Indeed, had her taste been unfettered, she would have been as prompt as the majority of her sex in acknowledging his influence. His ugliness was no drawback at all to the man in her eyes, but he had had the misfortune to win Harold Ffrench's ill opinion, and therefore Theo could not suffer herself to think well of him, though he had told her he loved her. The burden of her mental song, as she walked over the common and down to the barrier that was raised around her new home with this man by her side was, "How annoyed Harold will be when he hears of it! I wouldn't have had it happen for the world." This was the pertinacious *refrain*, and still through it, as it were, came the other thought, that he was "very pleasant and kind."

At the gates they parted.

"I am going to dine with two or three men at the 'hotel,'" he told her. He went on to mention the names of the men at once, and Sydney looked at him with greater attention, for they were well-sounding names. There was a drag, too, outside the hotel door; maybe his friends had come down in it, she thought. So at parting the pretty blonde broke the silence she had observed, by saying:

"If you dine in that room, then you'll see the whole force of the place out after nine. It's such a lovely evening, Theo—you must walk on the terrace with me."

CHAPTER XVI.

OUT ON THE TERRACE AFTER NINE.

At about five minutes before nine that evening, Miss Sydney Scott appeared before Theo in raiment so fresh, brilliant, and voluminous, that she resembled a substantial, not to say stout, butterfly. The little lady was arrayed in a white muslin, in a great expanse of it, and this was adorned with blue bows, blue ends, and blue runnings of glossy ribbon in a way that was very beautiful to behold. Over this she wore a blue China crape shawl, put on carelessly, so carelessly that it fell back and betrayed the fact of her braceletted arms and pretty white hands being bare.

"You see," she explained, when Theo had declared her "to be got up tremendously," "it's like one's own grounds after nine; we all come out then just as we have been dressed for dinner; you *must* have seen that everybody comes out as much got up as I am."

"I have not seen, for I have not thought of looking. I have not known who the promenaders were, so I haven't been interested, you see. What are we supposed to do now?"

"Put on your hat and come out and walk up and down."

"That sounds cheerful, on those pebbles; can't we go up under the colonnades?"

"Oh, *no*," Sydney cried, decisively; "no one goes there, all the fun is on the terrace; besides, to-night—"

"Well, what of to-night?"

"Why, perhaps if he sees us, that friend of yours might like to come in; now don't be affected, and pretend that you would rather your grandfather did not join you from motives of propriety. Mrs. Leigh, you will come out too, won't you? Mamma's there, and will be delighted to get you to talk to again."

"But who's Theo's friend?" Mrs. Leigh asked. "I must hear that first."

"Oh, mamma, no friend; of course I should have mentioned meeting a 'friend,' but Mr. Linley, a mere acquaintance like Mr. Linley, I didn't think it worth while telling you that I met. I used to see him at Mrs. Galton's, and I met him this afternoon, that is all."

"Linley!" her father ejaculated, "that's a name I ought to know very well."

When he said that, Theo knew that she was in for it—in for continued intercourse with that man to whom Harold Ffrench was so antipathetic.

"Come along," she said, quickly, to Sydney, who was beating the floor with her foot in impatience to be off; "you'll come out and join us then, mamma?"

Then, without waiting for a word more, the two girls went out of the house.

"Let us go up to the other end," Theo said; "it's more open up there."

"No," Sydney replied resolutely, "let us keep down here, we shall see the drags go off." Miss Sydney walked along towards the "hotel," with her white robes and blue drapery floating around her bravely.

There were four men out on the balcony of that room in the hotel which faces the west. Without looking up, Theo felt that one of the four was Mr. Linley, and that he would come down presently. Without looking up also, or at any rate without appearing to look up, Sydney knew that three of the men were young, and that they rejoiced in tenderly-tinted waistcoats and flowers in their button-holes.

Presently the four came in and gained the terrace just as the ringing-out bell commenced pealing. Theo's father and mother had come out by this time. And when an inexorable policeman was insisting upon the immediate withdrawal of the quartette, Mr. Linley came up to the Leighs, hat in hand, and said:—

"Will you plead privilege for myself and my friends, Miss Leigh, or will you see us turned out?"

It had come! there was no help for her. Theo felt that she must introduce him to her father.

She shook off the feeling of being a naughty mouse whose guardian cat was absent after a time, when the three younger men had been introduced to them and had succeeded in engaging Sydney and herself in conversation apart from the elders.

"Harold *can't* mind papa talking to him, surely," she thought; "it's only me he wants to keep from being friendly with Mr. Linley, and I have no desire to be it." With the thought her spirits rose, and altogether she was very happy, though the path was pebbly, and though the honors of the occasion were clearly with the pretty creature in blue and white who was being frank and engagingly outspoken in a wonderful manner.

It was very pleasant, and she wished that Harold Ffrench could have been there with her when the daylight quite died out of the sky and the moon shone forth in all her glory, silvering everything that she touched with her beams. The old place is fair enough to be set as the scene of any romance; it is all palace at such times. By day the aged seaman is apt to interfere with one's sense of the beautiful.

Some such sentiment as this, last one I have penned was being discussed. The two girls had placed themselves on a bench, and the men were standing before them looking down at them, and while evidently seeing nothing save the two pretty faces, were declaring that they "had never believed in the beauty of the place before."

"There's nothing to mar it to-night," Theo said quietly; while Sydney laughed, and said it "was rank heresy to doubt the beauties of the place; she would introduce them to their notice more fully."

"I like the idea of the aged seaman in the abstract, but he is not pleasant in the flesh, especially *en masse*. My experience of him is that he is a drunken, discontented old bear, who thinks that the casual visitor ought to bestow perpetual reward upon him for disfiguring what would otherwise be as pleasant an after-dinner lounge as any along the river."

The youngest and best looking of the three men was the speaker. He was the Honorable Algernon Buckhurst, familiarly "Algy Buck," and he meant to be a Lord of the Admiralty one day, and to make the abuses of all things appertaining to the navy his special care.

"I don't object to him at all; he might growl and beg, and be a hundred times more discontented than he does and is already," Sydney said, putting her hand out to see how "strange" it looked in the moonlight; "what I complain of is that my friends will swarm about me and pretend to take an interest in how he's fed and lodged, and so drag me through the halls and wards: that's awful; for when you have been through once there is nothing fresh to be said about anything, and you feel idiotic and stifled at the same time."

"I should like to see you bear-leading," Algy murmured languidly. "Linley and I will come and get Miss Leigh and you to take mercy on us. I ought to go through the thing as a duty, and it would be making a duty pleasant for once."

"Theo," Mr. Leigh called out from a short distance. Theo rose and ran to him, ran up lightly, swiftly and unrestrainedly as a child might have done, or rather, as the girl she was still.

Her father was standing with his arms folded across his chest and with his head up, but there was a look in his face as if he had received a bad blow, and Theo trembled.

"When did you hear from Ffrench, my girl? you have heard since he left?" he asked as she came up. Then Theo ceased to tremble and answered promptly and coldly, for she resented this inquisition before a stranger, and that stranger Linley, *his* foe.

"No, papa, I have not heard. Oh! dear papa, what is it?" she cried, as he dropped his arms and put out his hand to her.

"My poor child!" he said in a fervent tone. She asked him then again impetuously,

"What is it, papa? what is it?" but he only answered that "my poor child."

"Will you suffer me to tell her?" Linley asked, softly. "Miss Leigh, will you kindly trust yourself to hear from me what your father—"

"No, I won't," Theo interrupted, turning on him fiercely. "No, sir," as she saw him about to speak. "Stop, as you are a gentleman: whatever it be—good or bad, true or false—I will not hear it from you."

She had stood alone as she spoke thus; such a little thing she looked to be so defiant: there was not one sign of flinching about her as she stood erect and alone, hurling out her refusal to listen to him. But when she had answered Linley she turned to her father again and clung to his arm.

"Don't let him feel that you can't say and I can't hear any words that should be said, papa; whatever it be, whatever it be, say it out, dear, and see how I'll stand it."

It seemed to her to be a point of honor not to quail before this man who hated Harold and whom Harold hated. She felt that that which she was to hear would concern Harold and would be evil. But now as she urged her father to speak, she turned her face to the moon and pulled off her hat in order that the light might stream full and clear upon it. Nor did she wince or falter when her father obeyed her by saying in a such a broken, humbled tone—

"Poor child! you had better come in to your mother before I tell you what you must hear."

"No, papa, but now, now!"

"The man has deceived you;" then he shouted, "and by heaven he shall answer for it—he has a wife living!"

"You say it on that man's authority?" she asked, indicating Linley with her hand but not looking towards him. Though she called him "that man," and expressed contempt and hatred for him in every accent, Linley had never been so near loving a woman truly as he was at that moment.

Her father took her hand, but she could not stand caresses yet. She withdrew it determinately and repeated her question, and when her father had replied in the affirmative, she cried—

"Harold Ffrench shall thank you for this interest in his affairs at some future time. By way of showing my gratitude for your interference with mine I will beg you to understand that henceforth we are such absolute strangers that common courtesy will forbid your daring to discuss them with me."

Then she bowed to him—bowed very low indeed—and put her hand on her father's arm to lead him away in a manner that made Mr. Leigh feel that she was not quite so much of a child as he had been wont to deem her. She was something besides his daughter to him from that moment. He began to understand that there were other things in Heaven and earth than those of which his parental philosophy had heretofore dreamt.

"Are you going in, Theo?" Sydney Scott cried, running up to her.

"Yes," Theo replied, "there's your mamma, you won't be alone."

She shook hands with Sydney, and bowed coolly to Mr. Linley's friends, and walked in with what her father thought to be most wonderful *sang froid*. When she was in her own room, to which she went immediately "to take off her hat," she said, this *sang froid* deserted her, and she went down on her knees and buried her head in the bed-clothes and sobbed with a bitter agony over the form of assault that had been made upon her absent love.

Meanwhile the man who had assaulted him was watching the horses being put to, for he was going back to town with his friends.

"That's a poisoned dart that will wound him when he's perfectly cured of the other. Old Leigh will never forgive the insult if Harold Ffrench comes back free to-morrow." Then he thought admiringly of Theo. "She took it grandly, grandly," he muttered. "Harold Ffrench has lost the best thing he ever had yet. I should have gone on a different tack with such a girl as that; until I met her to-day I half fancied she might know the truth."

Mr. Linley told his friends that old Leigh had been boring him cruelly, and that that was the reason why he had said good-night and broken up the party abruptly, as it seemed to them he had.

"It was all very well for you fellows who had two pretty girls to talk to, but I am past caring for such things, and haven't acquired a taste yet for old naval men's reminiscences. Fellow never heard of my book either," he continued in a disgusted tone; "what can you have in common with a man who's so utterly out of your orbit as that?"

"There's something about the daughter that I like though, do you know," Algy remarked. "She is not quite as pretty as the little thing in blue, but there was something about her that I liked."

"Next time I see her I will make her happy by communicating your approval of the 'something' to Miss Leigh."

Mr. Linley began to think that it would be rather a refined torture to apply to Harold Ffrench to make some younger man his rival—some younger man of whom, like the Honorable Algy, it might well be said that Theo had "declined to a lower nature and a narrower heart," could she be led into substituting him for Harold. "But she's obstinate, I see that," he thought; "precious obstinate, and plucky as the mischief; *how* she turned on me!"

Curiously enough her turning on him as she had done was the thing that he could not forget, and this not in anger but in admiration. She was the first woman who had ever turned upon him; and she had done it so readily and so fearlessly. He had to thank her for the most novel sensations; he bore her no malice for her candor.

He had called Theo "obstinate and plucky," and it is a fact that she was both these things. Yet it has been seen that she was all a woman in her utter abandonment to grief and despair, when there were none others by to be supported by an outward show of courage on her part. I have shown her to you kneeling by the bed with her face buried in the clothes, sobbing in a strong agony that such an assault should have been made upon him. But her voice never faltered, nor did her resolution, when she bore her part in the discussion that took place that night. She vowed her intention to be staunch to the man till he told her himself that he was "false and unworthy," and she meant it.

For all that, she went through a terrible ordeal of dread and fear and horrible doubt when she came to be alone again in the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A Scotch traveller, who has recently visited the United States, furnishes to the Edinburgh Scotsman the following anecdotes:—Mr. Osborn, President of the Illinois Central Railroad, told me a story of Admiral Farragut and his son. They were on the Mississippi, and Farragut's fleet was about to pass Port Hudson, which was then held by the Confederates. Farragut's son, a lad of about twelve, had been importuning his father that he might be sent to West Point, where the military cadets are educated. Old Farragut said, "I don't know how that would do. I am not sure whether you would stand fire." "Oh, yes, father, I could do that." "Very well, my boy—we'll try. Come up with me here." The Admiral and his son went up together into the maintop; the old man had himself and the boy lashed to it, and in this way they passed Port Hudson. The boy never flinched while the shot and shell were flying past him. "Very well, my boy, that will do; you shall go to West Point."

☞ It is said that the rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no songs; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit; dandies, the shiniest of men, have no sense; and ball-room belles, the loveliest creatures in the world, are very often ditto—only more so!

☞ A South Australian paper says:—"We have had left at our office a specimen of the young of the kangaroo not more than an inch long, and probably only a few days old. At birth the kangaroo is about an inch in length, when it is placed by the mother on the teat in the pouch, where it rapidly increases in size, remaining firmly attached to the teat till it gains sufficient strength to leave it, which it does, occasionally returning to the mother for warmth or protection."

Old Ballads, Songs, and Legends.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How fast these old soothers of our childhood, as some one calls them, are passing away. First one line is lost, then a verse, then it is given up entirely, and soon they cannot be recalled, for the old people who repeated them to this generation, they, too, are passing away.

Sir Walter Scott dearly loved them, and spent much time in searching them out, and would go about among the peasantry, spending hours with some old crone listening to old ballads that had never been printed. He offered rewards for missing stanzas, and put together many a broken link.

Is there anything in the present day that can take the place of those wild yet touching legends, sometimes strung together in rude rhyme, sometimes beginning

"Once upon a time there was an old, old dame!" &c.

What could so soon charm children and keep them quiet or soothe them when ill? I well remember when the most distasteful task would be cheerfully accomplished if only "a story" or a song was promised me as my reward. I was so fortunate as to have an old Scotch nurse, and I would give much now to have the whole of her legendary lore in print before me.

I can never forget a great disappointment I once met with; an old woman promised to tell me the story of "Black Elspeth" if I would do an errand for her. It was soon done, but it was too late that evening for the story, and a few days after the old lady sickened and died; and the untold story died with her. I could not get over it. "Black Elspeth." It sounded well. What could it be about. I had nothing but the name to go on; but many a time did I try to make out the tale, never quite to my satisfaction, and would give a goodly reward to the one who could tell it to me now.

What is to take the place of these? With what kind of tales and songs will the young of the next generation be entertained? Will it be some negro melodies, or war songs? Some of these are very good in their way, but will they be handed down from one generation to another? Methinks not. And then, too, the few yet in print of old songs and stories for children are being sadly murdered. Every new edition of Mother Goose or Bluebeard comes out with modern improvements (?) until the old charm is nearly gone. Alas, the "Gradgrinds" of this day have much to answer for. Children are now quite matter-of-fact little beings; they no longer see "fairy rings" in the meadows, nor do they "run out each day to see how high their bean stalk is growing," with a hope that some fine morning it may "be as high as the sky, with a giant's house on top of it."

It was not only the young who were entertained by song or tale in old times, but those of more advanced years. If some half-dozen met of an evening it was "a song or a story all round," and many thus sung and told had never been published, but had been learned from word of mouth, and very often additions were made to suit the occasion. There is one old ballad that I have heard sung in many places, and by many different persons, and never alike. I do not know that it was ever found in a book, and I cannot recall it at all, but here is a specimen. But first let me give some idea of what the song was about. It seems there was once a king who lived in a lonely place, but he had seven fair daughters; and this caused the gallants to ride that way. One wily villain, dressed as a grand prince, wooed the eldest daughter, and took her off, as it was supposed to his home.

One year passed, and again the villain in fresh disguise came riding up to the solitary castle and wooed the next daughter. So on it goes until six had gone, and the old king had but one left to cheer his age, when again comes the gay deceiver and wins her also, but without the father's consent it appears, as he had a cunning parrot hung out near the door, and it was to tell him of all that came or went. But the poor old king was sleeping when the lovers started.

"He mounted upon his bonny, bonny brown,
And she on her dapple gray;
And they rode, and they rode, till they came to the sea,
Three long hours before it was day."

And there the villain unmasked, and bid the lady dismount, take off her fine robes and prepare for death, for he was now going to drown her in the sea. He plainly told her that:

"Six kings' daughters are already there,
And you the seventh shall be."

So the lady dismounts, but humbly begs him also to do so, and to turn his back to her while she unveils; so he turned and gazed out o'er the sea; and while he keeps his face turned from her, she slips up behind him and gives him a push into the deep waters, and as he falls, she tauntingly cries:

"Lie there! lie there! false-hearted man!
Lie there, lie there, said she;
If six kings' daughters are already there,
Go and keep them company."

Then she mounts her steed, and, leading his, she rides with all haste to her home, fearing her father may wake before she reaches it. But all is quiet, and the parrot begins to chatter, asking where she has been, who was her companion, where she found that "bonny brown," &c. The lady coaxes the bird to be silent. She says:

"Oh! hold thy tongue, thou pretty bird,
And tell no tales on me,
And your cage shall be lined with the bonny beaten gold,
And hung in yon willow tree."

And the old man and his brave child live happily ever after. What a romance!—containing more than many a three-volume novel.

Now, as I said before, I never have heard two persons sing this alike, although the plaintive air was the same. I have heard the last verse given in this way:

"Just hush your tongue, you hateful bird!
Don't you tell no tales on me;
And your cage it shall be of yaller, yaller gold,
All hung in yon willer tree, oh tree, oh tree,
All hung in yon willer tree."

There is another old ballad, that has been woefully murdered by merely hearing it one from another, and yet I could sit all night and listen to the plaintive melody of "The Faithless Bride." In this, it appears that they knew the custom of each guest singing a song or telling a story, for, after describing the bride, her dress, the ceremony, the supper, and so on, it goes on to say:—

"After supper it was requested
That every one would sing a song:
The first that began was the bride's first lover,
The one to whom she did belong.
The bride she sat at the head of the table,
And every word she heard full well,
At last she could no longer bear it,
And at the bridegroom's feet she fell," &c.

It is a mournful story, and yet I know many will smile when this meets their eye, as it will recall quiltings, weddings, apple cuttings, &c., where it was once such a favorite.

In the beech-woods of Ohio, not twenty miles from Cincinnati, some forty years ago, there lived some very old-fashioned people, who kept up the habits and customs of the olden times. "A quilting" was something to talk of for weeks beforehand, and as a log-rolling or corn-husking usually took place at the same time, it engaged the attention of both sexes. Married and single very rarely went together, or, as they termed it, "young folks and old folks." When a couple got married, they took their place at once and forever with the "old folks," and were never invited out with their old associates again.

Most farmers at that time lived in log cabins, sometimes double cabins, but mostly containing only one room below, with a rough shed at the back for summer cooking, and to store away barrels, &c., and a low loft above without a window, and the floor of loose planks, that turned under the feet at every step; and alas for the poor careless feet that stepped too near the unfastened ends of these rolling timbers, as they sometimes came down stairs without help of the ladder, which always occupied a corner near the chimney.

They must have had the art of packing in these small houses, for many a large family was reared in them; and no matter how many guests came, they were always made comfortable.

Late in the fall of the year, when the corn was gathered in, and the summer work all done, a little recreation was thought needful. No ball or picnic, but a combination of work and play suited these primitive people much better.

We ladies of the farm-house got together the "patch-work" which had been their "visiting work" for the past year, carded some of the wool raised on the farm and used it as cotton batting is now used for quilts; having colored some old pieces of half-worn garments with the bark of trees, they made the linings, and with these stretched in a frame, the wool next, and then the bright patch-work on top, they were ready for work.

Forty or fifty young ladies were invited from neighboring farms, and usually on the day appointed they began to arrive by ten o'clock, A. M., and were all ready to sit down to the quilt by one P. M. The beds had been taken out, all superfluous furniture stowed away up loft, there was room for two quilts to be spread out at once, and a busy, lively scene it was when the rosy girls got fairly at work. The quilts must be finished before the tables could be spread for supper, so they worked with a will. The girl who quilted the first square in "diamond" was to catch a beau that night; and the one who could first wrap the quilt around her after tearing it out of the frame, was to be married before the year was out. And such a scramble as there was as last stitches were taken!

All this time a still noisier throng were collected in the barn. As many young men as girls were invited to husk corn, and they too came early, and worked with a will. For, as the barn was usually much larger than the house, it was to be their romping place in the evening.

But first all those huge piles of corn must be husked, and stowed in the bins or cribs, and the floors nicely swept for dancing. Very often three or four young fellows, usually the most effeminate or foppish, would slip away from the barn, and get in with the girls at the quilting frames. This move always caused quite a flutter, and soon a few of the wildest girls would whisper together, and then one after the other steal off to the barn, and take the places of the skulkers, and more than fill their places, for they had husked corn many a day at home, and were proud of it. What fun, now, if a red ear of corn was found, how the girls were pretending to hide it. But it was no use, they must be kissed by all who had pluck enough to try it, if a red ear fell to their lot. And many a fellow got a *red ear* of his own in the daring attempt.

By the time the sun went down the work was done. The young men helped to put the barn in order, fix up lights, and make seats. Then at the horse-trough they took a thorough wash, and by a small mirror, carried in the vest pocket, they brushed up their hair or flattened it down smooth to within an inch of their eyebrows; whiskers they had none in those days, the smoother a face the better.

The girls had primped a little before the glass hanging over a square of "wall paper," and surrounded by strings of "bachelor buttons." Now some of them strolled off for a walk, hoping that some favorite swain might follow.

Some helped with the tables, some made the rye coffee and sassafras tea, some cut the pumpkin-pies, and some piled up stacks of doughnuts made in the form of skeins of yarn. (Why is it that country people always make them so, and how do they do it?) When all is ready "the men" are called in first, and as many as can be seated take their places at the table, while the girls vie with each other in waiting on them. A substantial repast was this, not made up of nicknacks. But pigs roasted whole, turkeys ditto, chickens in all manner of ways, whole hams boiled, corn bread, white bread, biscuits, slapjacks, and all these hot and smoking when placed on the tables. When the men are all served, they go off to the barn to give room for the girls, and they too make a hearty meal. And now the fun begins; the old fiddler has arrived, been fed, and is now scraping his bow over the strings, nodding his head, putting time with his foot and anxious to begin. The only rest the old man has during the night, is when for a change the young people play some of the old-fashioned plays, then so common.

In these plays there is a chance to show preference, and the favored ones are oftenest in the ring. "These kissing plays" are going out of date fast, but they were great favorites then. "Quebec" was usually the first. One couple walk round the room, hand-in hand, singing:

We are marching to Quebec,
The drums are loudly beating;
America has gained the day,
The British are retreating.
The wars are over, and we'll turn back
To the place from whence we started,
So open the ring, and choose one in,
And be sure she is true-hearted.

Then another couple comes in, and so on 'till all are on the floor. Then the time and tune are changed, and they are married off in couples, amid great laughter and fun. Sometimes, in this way, the couple stand out in the middle of the floor, and the singers form a ring about them, and go round singing:

"'It's a bargain,' it's a bargain, for you, young man!
'It's a bargain,' it's a bargain, for you, young man!
You promised you would marry her a month or two ago,
So, stick to your bargain, you young scamp you!"

Then they kiss, and take their seats, and another couple take the floor, perhaps to be married by a new ceremony, as follows:

"Now you are joined in Hymen's band,
Salute your bride, at the priest's command.
You must prove constant, kind, and good,
And keep your wife in oven wood."

Many other words are used, and some of the tunes are really beautiful. All these plays must end in kissing, or there is no fun.

"Blind Man's Buff" would sometimes be chosen to "rest the fiddler," and a regular romp they made of it. Thus the night passed away. Towards morning some would take leave of the company and start for home. Those young men who had come on horseback always took care that their horse should "carry double," and his chosen girl took her seat behind her beau, with her arm around his waist, and trotted gaily off in the darkness. Others walked many miles to their homes, yet the way was short to them, and many a match has been made going home from a quilting. Sometimes one half of the company would remain to breakfast, and go home leisurely during the forenoon. And the sayings and doings of "the frolic" were talked of until another came off.

These parties given to married couples were very much the same, except the dancing, and if the house was large enough, they spent the evening there in place of at the barn. The young matrons quilted, older ones carded wool during the afternoon, and the babies were petted and admired, young mothers were told how to treat their little ones, and the old ladies took care of all babies for that afternoon.

In the meantime the husbands were rolling logs into heaps to be burned, or perhaps "raising" a barn, that is putting up the frame.

A good supper was enjoyed at "early candle lighting," after which the tables were taken out, benches placed round the room, huge logs heaped on the fire, and the guests were seated. Many a proud young father sat there with his first child on his knee, while the song and the story went round. Many a tale of their early struggles in the forest were told of deer and turkey hunting; of the narrow escapes they had from falling timbers at some former "raising."

Then an old lady would tell a legend of the old country, she had heard her grandmother tell it often. Then a song with a rousing chorus in which all could join. Then a pathetic ballad by some man or woman; after, some frightful tale of people being buried alive, of "gold diggers," that is of people who had a fancy that Kid or some other villain had buried great chests of gold that could only be had by digging in darkness at midnight, and here, just as sure as the spade or pickaxe struck the lid of the chest the devil in person appeared, and drew the diggers away. More song, gay and sad, loud and soft, good and bad, until the children became restless, the mothers weary, and then with many kind parting words they took leave of each other, and their well tired-out host and hostess, and started out in the bright moonlight to thread their way through the woods to their separate homes.

It was in such places that I learned many a good story, and heard many a good ballad, that will never be told or sung again.

My old nurse had given me a taste for such things, and to this day I will turn from the most *heart-rending* works of fiction of the present time to listen to an old legend, song, or ballad.

I do wish, Mr. Editor, you would search out some of these nearly forgotten stories for THE POST, and give us a few ballads, too, or tell me where a collection of such can be found.

AUNT ALICE.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market continues extremely dull. Sales 5,000 bbls. in small lots, part for export, at $9@10 for low grade and good superfine; $10,25@11 for extras, and $10,75@12,25 for extra family. Rye Flour—Sales at $7,75@8,25 ₩ bbl. Buckwheat Meal—Sales at $3,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There is not much Wheat offering. Sales 15,000 bushels, to note in small lots, at $2,50@2,55 for good and choice Pennsylvania and Western reds, and $2,30@2,40 for white. Rye is selling at $1,72@1,75. Corn—Sales 20,000 bushels new yellow at $1,65@1,68. Oats—Sales 25,000 bushels at 91@92c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally is unsettled and drooping. We quote Mess Pork at $35@40 ₩ bbl. Dressed Hogs at $16@17 the 100 lbs. and Beef at $22@23, the latter for extra Mess. Beef Hams sell at $29@30 ₩ bbl. Bacon is quiet. Green Meats sell at 21@22c for Hams, and 18@18½c for Shoulders, in salt and pickle. Lard is selling at 21@23c for bbls and tes, and kegs at 25@27c. Butter is limited at 40@45c for roll and 45@55c for packed, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is quiet at 19@24c ₩ lb for Western and New York. Eggs are quoted at 45c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Sales 150 bales at 82@90c for Middling and good Middling quality.

BARK—40 hhds Quercitron sold at $40 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

BEESWAX—We quote good yellow at 68@70c.

COAL—There is a fair inquiry for the supply of the Eastern markets, and the home trade is moderately active at previous rates.

COFFEE—Sales few small lots Rio at 42@44c, and Cape at 40c.

FEATHERS are selling at 75@80c for good Western.

FRUIT meets with a fair demand at 13@15c for Dried Apples; 25@27c for Unpared Peaches; and 30@40c ₩ lb for Pared do; Green Apples and Cranberries are scarce and high.

HAY is in request at $21@33c ₩ ton for baled.

HOPS are selling at 45@55c for new Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market continues unsettled and dull, with a few small sales of Anthracite Pig within the range of $45@55 for the three numbers.

OILS—Of Petroleum the receipts and stocks continue light; prices nominally range at 47@48c for crude, 65@65c for refined in bond, and 85@90c for free.

PLASTER—We quote soft at $5 ₩ ton.

RICE—Sales at 12½@13c ₩ lb for Rangoon.

SEEDS—The demand for Clover seed has fallen off; sales of 1500 bus at $14,50@16 ₩ bus. Timothy is quiet at $6,25@6,50, and Flaxseed is selling at $3,70@3,75 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—There is very little demand for Brandy, Gin, or Rum. Whiskey—Sales at $2,32½@2,35 for refilled and prime packages.

SUGAR—The sales are confined to a few small lots, at 20@22c for Cubas, the latter for yellow.

TALLOW is unsettled and dull and the demand limited at 16@17c for country and city.

WOOL—A few small sales of fleece are reported at 95@105c, chiefly at 100c for medium and low grade.

☞ We have only to be noble, and we belong at once to the nobility.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 7000 head. The prices realized from $10 to 16.00 ₩ 100 lbs 5700 Hogs at from $17.00 to 19.00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—8500 head were disposed of at from 9 to 11½c ₩ lb. 115 Cows brought from $30 to 50 ₩ head.

THE HORRORS OF WAR can be greatly mitigated by that sovereign remedy, HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT, as it will cure any wound, however desperate, if it be well rubbed around the wounded parts, and they be kept thoroughly covered with it. A pot of ointment should be kept in every man's knapsack. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL, whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. jan17-4t

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FURS AT COST.—Closing out the balance of our Furs. CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

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HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1.25. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. jan14-4t

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CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and although they are prepared especially for the purpose of Curing Fits, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. In chronic complaints, or diseases of long standing, superinduced by nervousness, they are exceedingly beneficial.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $20. dec2-6teow

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GENTLEMEN'S HATS.—New styles just received at CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

COX'S TONIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HART, No. 34 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

FURS AT COST.—Closing out the balance of our Furs. CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

AMERICAN LADIES, to heighten their color and beauty, should take one tablespoonful of DR. T. B. TALBOT'S MEDICATED PINEAPPLE CIDER at dinner, also when they retire at night, and when they rise in the morning. For sale everywhere. B. T. BABBIT, Agent, 64, 62, 60, 67, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York.

Henry C. Kellogg, Agent, S. W. corner of Chestnut and Water Sts., Philadelphia. ja28 4t

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LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS.

Closing out balance of our stock at Cost.

CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS,

Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.

feb11-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st of Jan., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, D. D., Mr. WILLIAM A. DAY to Miss MAGGIE JOHNSON, both of this city.

On the 24th of Dec., by the Rev. T. A. Fenley, Mr JOHN W. TURNER to Miss EMILY BACON, both of this city.

On the 11th of Jan., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr WILLIAM J. WHITAKER to Miss ESTER LAWRIE, both of this city.

On the 24th of Nov., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. CASPER S. BROSS to Miss SOPHIA C., daughter of Anthony Hance, both of this city.

On the 23d of Jan., by the Rev. Henry Johnes, of Bristol, Mr. WILLIAM COOPERSACE, of Bustleton, to Miss MAGGIE DEPUE, of Bucks county.

On the 24th of Jan., by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, Mr ROBERT P. SIMPSON to Miss LIZZIE MORGAN, both of this city.

On the 25th of Jan., by the Rev. Chas. A. Bock, THOMAS W. SNYDER to ANNA M. REEP, both of Tinicum township, Bucks county, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Jan., JOHN C. BEDDLE, in his 19th year.

On the 29th of Jan., at Germantown, MARY THAYER, daughter of Hullings and the late Caroline B. Cowperthwait.

On 7th-day, 28th of Jan., JOHN HORTON, in his 75th year.

On the 31st of Jan., RICHARD WETHERILL, Jr., in his 37th year.

On the 31st of Jan., JOSEPH M. TAYLOR, in his 26th year.

On the 30th of Jan., CATHARINE G., wife of the late Jas P. Frazer, in her 77th year.

On the 31st of Jan., MABEL, wife of John K. Brown.

On the 30th of Jan., CORNELIUS P. BROWNE, in his 74th year.

On the 28th of Jan., ANDREW ROBESON, in his 23th year.

On the 25th of Jan., HENRY W. GILBERT, in his 8th year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865.

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THE TRUMPET OF FREEDOM.

A Collection of Rallying Songs, Camp Songs, Cavalry Songs, Marching Songs, Battle Songs, Victory Songs, Home Songs, &c., being the best Collection of War Songs for Soldiers in the Field and their Friends at Home published. Price 15 cents, on receipt of which it will be mailed, post-paid. Sold by all Music Dealers and Booksellers.

OLIVER DITSON & Co.,
feb11-4t Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston.

CERATE FOR WHISKERS!

Will force a luxuriant growth in from 4 to 8 weeks, and no humbug. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circulars free. Sent post-paid, for $1 per bottle, or 3 bottles for $2. Address A. N. GAYLORD,
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Rates of Advertising.

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY.

WONDERFUL SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

DR. S. W. BECKWITH'S,

(Formerly Prof. C. H. Bolles'),

ELECTRICAL INSTITUTE,

1220 WALNUT STREET.

All Acute and Chronic Diseases Cured by Special Guarantee, if Desired, and in Case of Failure no Charge is Made.

There are strictly but two conditions of disease—one of inflammation, or positive; the other weak, debilitated, negative; and as Electricity contains these two conditions in the action of the positive and negative currents, all we have to do is to neutralize the disease and restore proper healthy action.

We do not wish to convey the impression that we cure all diseases in all conditions. We cannot cure consumption after the lungs are all destroyed; yet we do assert, and are prepared to practically demonstrate, that hundreds of cases of almost every form of chronic disease, pronounced incurable by the best medical practitioners of the country, have been radically CURED, some of them in an incredibly short time, by our Electrical treatment. Its great superiority over other practices in the cure of disease is also attested in the fact that, within the past five years, over *fourteen thousand* patients have been treated at this office, suffering from almost every form and condition of disease common to humanity, and in nearly all cases a benefit or perfect cure has been effected. Therefore, with these FACTS to prove our theory and treatment of disease, we are willing to guarantee any diseases by special contract, if the patient desires, provided there is strength enough in the system to react, which we can tell by an examination.

TO LADIES we can recommend this treatment as one of UNVARIED SUCCESS. Almost innumerable cases have come under treatment at our office who can testify to this fact. Mrs. S. A. FULTON, a lady of great experience and ability, has entire charge of the Ladies' Department, and all delicacy will be used toward those who entrust themselves to her care. In female diseases she has had a large experience, and can confidently promise the most gratifying results.

TO THE AFFLICTED.—The treatment is mild and gentle producing no shock or unpleasant sensation whatever. Our professional intercourse with the afflicted will ever be characterized by perfect candor and honesty, and those whose complaints are incurable or do not admit of amelioration, will be frankly told so, and not accepted for treatment. It matters not what may be your complaint, or how long you may have suffered, or how much, or what course of treatment you may have been subjected to, or what disappointments you have experienced; if the system is not worn out—if sufficient vitality remains for reaction—there is a fair prospect of recovery.

Consultation free. Descriptive circulars of cures effected, with numerous references, can be had by application at the office. All letters addressed to

DR. S. W. BECKWITH,
No. 1220 WALNUT Street,
feb4-4t Philadelphia.

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(Late Withers & Peterson,)

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DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.

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NEW YORK PIANO FORTE COMPANY'S UNSURPASSED PIANO FORTES.

These Instruments are made by an Association of the most expert Artisans from the largest establishments in New York.

EVERY PIANO WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

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Every style of picture furnished from the *Carte de Visite* to the highly-finished Ivorytype and Oil Portrait, with satisfaction guaranteed.

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☞ Fine assortment of ALBUMS constantly on hand.

N. B.—Views of COUNTRY SEATS, HORSES, &c., taken on moderate terms. jan 2-tf

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Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
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BEWARE THE NORTHEASTER!—BROWN'S PATENT METALLIC WEATHER STRIPS and WINDOW BANDS totally exclude COLD, WIND, RAIN, and DUST from doors and windows. They stop the rattling of sashes, save one half the fuel, and are warranted for five years.

For sale or applied by DAVID B. LOBBY,
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Sole Agent for Pennsylvania.

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FRANK MILLER'S LEATHER PRESERVATIVE and Water Proof Oil Blacking for Boots and Shoes. Also, Frank Miller's Prepared Harness Oil Blacking for Harness, Carriage Tops, &c., in Sealed Tin Cans ready for use. For sale by LAING & MAGUINNIS, No. 30 North 3d St., Philada.
jan21-3t

AGENTS WANTED.—One half profit. Address Box 317 Boston, Mass. jan28-4t

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NATIONAL BANK

OF PHILADELPHIA.

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7 30-100 TREASURY NOTES,

Which are convertible at maturity into

SIX PER CENT. 5-20 BONDS.

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HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

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Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
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Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

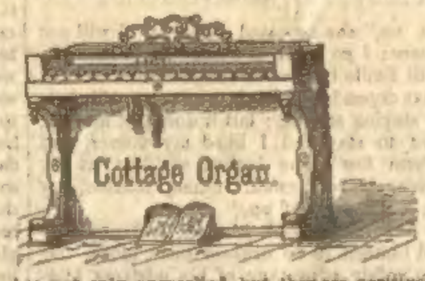
Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS



Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by B. M. BRUCE,
No. 18 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. jel8-1y

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A WATCH FREE,

And $15 to $20 per day, made easy, selling our *Latest Novelty*, now creating such an *Immense Sensation* and extraordinary demand throughout the *Army* and Country. The *Great, New*, and *Wonderful* PRIZE PORT-FOLIOS. Extra Large. Size 7 by 12. *Just Out*. Each of which contains *Several Dollars' Worth* of useful and *Valuable Goods*, PRIZES, &c. Price only 25 cents. Articles that Soldiers and Families cannot *do without*. Thousands sold every day. Soldiers can clear a *Month's Pay* in one day. Agents wanted in every town, village and camp for this *Standard Article*. A splendid *Gold or Silver Watch* presented *free* as a premium to every Agent. This is the greatest money-making and surest business of the day. Profits *very large*. Sales rapid. We *guarantee* any agent $15 per day. All goods forwarded, with premiums, *same day* the order is received. Catalogues, with wholesale prices and *Premium Inducements*, sent *free*.

S. C. RICKARDS & CO.,
109 Nassau St., N. Y., *Sole Manufacturers*.
feb4-12t

ARMY BADGES!

MASONIC EMBLEMS!

GOLD PENS AND CASES!

B. T. HAYWARD,

Manufacturing Jeweller,

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I will send, as sample, on the receipt of $1.50, a SOLID SILVER BADGE, (pure coin,) appropriate for either Corps or Division, Cavalry, Artillery, Pontooned, Engineer, or Signal Corps Departments of the Army, with your name, regiment, and company, handsomely engraved thereon.

And for $1.50 I will send a FINE GOLD PEN, (warranted,) with SILVER EXTENSION-CASE and PENCIL.

And for $2 I will send a Solid GOLD-ENAMELED MASONIC PIN.

☞ AGENTS WANTED everywhere. Send for Wholesale Illustrated Circular. jan28 2t

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$21 TO $28 A DAY.—AGENTS WANTED to sell the CHAMPION ($15) SEWING MACHINE, *Single or double thread*, making the stitch alike on both sides. We will pay $100 per month or give a commission at which the above wages can be made. For particulars, address with stamp,

JOSEPH CLIFF,
President Champion Sewing Machine Co.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

N. B. This machine does not infringe on any sewing machine. jan28-4t

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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will cause them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-4t 109 Nassau street, New York City.

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.

This powerful novel, by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, is now for sale by booksellers generally. We call attention to the following notices:

From the New York Evening Post.

"The author, who, as it appears by the dedication, is a lady, possesses one of the qualities necessary to the success of a novelist, in a high degree; that is to say, the power of interesting the reader and inspiring him with an increasing curiosity to learn the issue of the series of embarrassments with which she surrounds the heroine of her story. On the plot of this single narration, she has lavished enough of incident to serve a writer of ordinary frugality for three or four novels, such as form the staple of circulating libraries. The reader has hardly time to criticise the probability of one interesting situation, before he is hurried on to another. Along with this facility of invention, there is great pathos, in the tenderer scenes. The heroine, the Lost Wife, is a beautiful, accomplished and heroic young woman, with many admirable traits of character, but betrayed by her pride into errors which are the source of great misfortunes. Her character is drawn with much skill and power. Perhaps it is a defect in the work, that she is made so little conscious of her own errors, but it is a work of much talent and no little promise."

From Godey's Lady's Book.

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.—This is a very extraordinary novel for its power and its pathos. There are some scenes in it that we think cannot be excelled. The character of the heroine is well drawn, and apparently from life. The scene of the death of little Ada is perfectly beautiful, and the characters stand out in the book like living personages. We cannot call it a sensation novel, although it is as full of incidents as any of the works of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Wood—quite as interesting, but far more natural. Altogether it is one of the most readable and interesting novels that has been presented to the public for years. The authoress of "Ora" has made her mark; let her follow it up, and we will hear of her as one of the most popular novel writers of our country.

From the Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

ORA, OR THE LOST WIFE.—This novel comes highly spoken of by various newspaper authorities. The Saturday Evening Post announces it a book of "more than the average degree of facility." It looks forward to the future career of the authoress, as "one of much brightness, and honor well deserved." The Cincinnati Commercial says its "characters are admirably drawn, the plot well conceived, chaining the reader to the narrative with breathless interest to the close. In no part or portion does the story lose its wonderful power, but carries us on to the closing line, when it leaves us wishing for a continuation." The N. Y. Reformer asserts that the writer "displays an accurate knowledge of the motives, passions, loves and resentments that control human action, rarely witnessed in modern novels of this kind. The book is beautifully and artistically written, &c." Arthur's Home Magazine speaks of the "surpassing powers" of the fair authoress. What higher praise could a young author ask than is contained in the above quotations? It is doubtful if the "Great Unknown" received more unreserved commendation and laudation, when he astonished the English world with "Waverly" and its successors. The best novelists of the day, and certainly no previous time has produced better, are not more highly spoken of than the authoress of "Ora, or the Lost Wife."

The author of this popular story is BELLA Z. SPENCER, who is well known to many of our citizens. A second edition is now being published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., *Philada.* Price $1.50.

jan14-tf

$8. ENGLISH $10. WATCHES.

FINE GOLD COMPOSITE ARMY WATCHES, "IMITATION ENGLISH LEVER MACHINERY," in elegantly carved cases, polished steel balance, small and neat style, correct time-keepers. Price per case of six, with keys, &c. (will sell at $15 each) $51 00
Single one, as sample, sent to any address on receipt of 10 00

A NEAT AND PLAIN SILVER WATCH, serviceable article, with the "IMITATION LEVER MACHINERY," fine finish, steel balance, jeweled, correct time-keepers. Price per case of six, complete (will sell at a great advance) $3 00
Single one, as sample, sent per mail to any address on receipt of 3 00

A SILVER WATCH, same as above, in "ENGLISH MAGIC SPRING CASE," army pattern. Per case of six (equal in time and finish to a high-priced Watch) 36 00
Single one, as sample, sent by mail on receipt of 12 00

A GENUINE OREIDE, 21 line double hunting case, magic spring Watch, fine European machinery, jeweled and capped, polished plates. (Used as Officer's Watch.) Will retail at $30 and upwards. Price per case of six $4 00
Single one, as sample 15 00

THE CELEBRATED ROYAL ENGINEER'S STANDARD TIME-KEEPER, a rare novelty, with PATENT WEATHER DIALS, used by all RAILROAD OFFICERS. Adjusted machinery, containing a perfect THERMOMETER and COMPASS, full jewels, polished cap, SOLID GOLD, composite double hunting spring cases, rich patterns. WARRANTED FOR ONE YEAR. Invaluable to the SOLDIER, SAILOR, and TRAVELLER. Each Watch sent in morocco case, with key, &c., complete. Price per case of six (will sell readily at $75 or $ 00 each) 138 00
Single one, as sample, sent to any address on receipt of 25 00

Address all orders to

W. H. & A. CATELY,
Sole Importers,
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LEWIS LADOMUS & CO.

DIAMOND DEALERS AND JEWELERS,

WATCHES & SILVER WARE,

WATCHES & JEWELRY REPAIRED.

802 Chestnut St., Phila.

nov26-3m

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit, and as a CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN and others, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay of Manhood, &c., supplying at the same time THE MEANS OF SELF-CURE. By one who has cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author. NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Brooklyn, Kings Co., N. Y. dec10-13t

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$125 A MONTH!—WANTED!—SEWING MACHINE AGENTS! Everywhere, to introduce the new *Shaw & Clark Sixteen Dollar Family Sewing Machine*, the *only* low price machine in the country which is *licensed* by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. Salary and expenses, or large commissions allowed. *All* other Machines now sold for less than forty dollars each are *infringements*, and the seller and user *liable*. Illustrated circulars sent *free*. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine. nov26-3m

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A Pamphlet directing how to speedily RESTORE sight and give up spectacles, without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts. Address E. B FOOTE, M.D.,
jan7-3m 1130 Broadway, New York.

ANY ONE can clear $10 daily by sending stamp to J. W. STEPHENS, 239 Broadway, N. Y. feb1-2t

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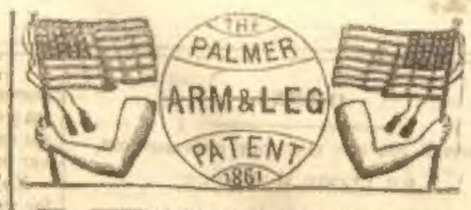

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SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

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THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection*. *Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though *few* are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oct31-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

R. DOLLARD,

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CHESTNUT ST.,

PHILADELPHIA,

PREMIER ARTISTE

IN

HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

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WHAT HORSEMAN

WILL BE WITHOUT

Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment?

TAUNTON, MASS., May 14th, 1860.

Dr. Tobias:—Dear Sir—During 35 years that I have been in the livery business, I have used and sold a great quantity of various liniments, oils, &c. Some two years since, hearing of so many wonderful cures having been made by your Venetian Liniment, I tested its merits, and it has given the best satisfaction of anything I ever used. I never sold anything that gives such universal satisfaction among horsemen. It is destined to supersede all others.

Yours, truly, &c., SAMUEL WILDE.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. feb11-2teow

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A UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.—By what we eat, by the air we breathe, or by the water we drink, we can be made sick; or by fatigue, or from debility induced by heat, because these effects end by producing impurity of blood. To regain health we must purify the blood, by the organs of the stomach and bowels; these organs must be continued in the regular performance of that duty which nature has assigned them, and should there be any impediment, to what does experience point?

TO BRANDRETH'S PILLS,

which cannot injure, and which will surely restore the bowels to the regular performance of their duties.

The dyspeptic, the bilious will find them a treasure of health and the same may be said to all who are sick in any way,—take Brandreth's Pills and be cured.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. feb11-2teow

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NATURE'S SECRETS APPLIED

TO

CURE NATURE'S DEFECTS.

THE NATURAL MEANS by which the Animal Chemistry of the system produces *Color in the Hair* has been discovered in

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.

It counterfeits the richest blacks and browns, producing an instantaneous and enduring change from any obnoxious color, without staining the skin or impairing the vitality of a single fibre.

CRISTADORO'S HAIR PRESERVATIVE,

a valuable adjunct to the Dye, in dressing and promoting the growth and perfect health of the hair, and of itself, when used alone—a safeguard that protects the fibres from decay under all circumstances and under all climes.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1.50 and $3 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. feb11-2teow

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$70 A MONTH! I want Agents everywhere, at $70 a month, expenses paid, to sell *Fifteen Articles*, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars *free*. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine. nov26-3m

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AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. HALL, 12 White St., New York. jan7-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

TO THE AMERICAN PHLAG.

Studdid up whilst a settin' on the plazy fense, watchin' of it a wavin from the Liberty poal, and a touchin' off of fire crackers now and then.

O mity rag! O booteous posse of kloth!
Maid up of red and white and blue stripes,
And stars painted on both sides—
Awl hale! Agin I'm settin in thy embrajas
Shadder, admirin of thy granjer,
And a suckin into my chist the gentle zeffers
That sir a helpin of ye out well nigh onto
Seate. Grate Phlag! When I shet
My eye and look at ye, and think
How as when you was little, and not much
Bigger nor a small posse or kloth, and
Almost as tender as a sheta of papur, you
Was carried all through the Revulusbun
Ary War, and have, some phew times since,
Held up your hed with difficulty, and
How tremenjus you are now! I pheel
Jist as if I shud bust, and phly all round, and
Want to git down oph of the fense
And git shot, or stabbed, or hit on the hed with a
Stic of wood, or hung for my country.
Prodiggous banner! Wodn't I smile to see
A Chinaman, or small unnaturalized forinner
Undertake to pull you down!
If a Chinaman, I would sla him, and cut oph his
Kew, and bear it oph in triumph.
Bephour I'd see a slit tore in you, or the sacrilligis
Hand of a fo cuttin of you up into bullit
Patchin, I'd brase my back agin a wall (or a
Post, or a bord, as it might be) and fite
And puntch, and scratch, and kic, and bite,
And tare my close, and lose my hat, and
Git hit in the l, and on my leg (hard) and
Across the smaul of my bac, and phall down
And git up agin, and continnur the struggil
For half or three-quarters ov an hour, or
Till I got severely wounded.
Terrifiic emblem! How proud you look.
How almity sassy you wave round.
Grate phlag! I dont know whitch makes
Me pheel the most patriotic, you or the
Forth of Juli.
But I must close and wave my last adoo,
However tryin to my pheelins it may be;
And git down oph the fense, for already
The sharp pints oph the pic-its begin to
Stic me, and tar my close, a makin
Of me scringe and hitch about and
Holler *Forth of Juli.*

Anecdotes.

A writer in Providence, Rhode Island, vouches for the truth of the following:—

Deacon W——— had felt the silken halter for the second time. On the last marriage tour he visited, by request, the family of Mr. H———, of your city. He presented his bride, on arrival, thus: "This is Mrs. W———; 'tain't t'other Mrs. W———; I wish it was!"

The same Deacon W——— was connected with one of the Congregational societies of Providence, an honest man, and devout Christian; was the owner of a large bakery, which business he continued to prosecute in connection with an extensive wholesale grocery trade.

His habits and manners were as primitive as his dress. He often led in the vestry conference and vestry exhortations. He had speculated heavily during the close of the war of 1812. A vestry prayer-meeting was in full conference on the evening on which the news of the treaty of peace was received, in February, 1815. In this (then) town the bells rung out the joyful tidings.

The deacon ceased his exhortations, and in reflective terms remarked, "Lord a marcy! what are these bells ringing for? If for *fire*, 'tis well enough; if for peace, I'm a ruined man!" He then resumed his petitions.

Gen. H——— and Col. R——— were popular members of the Rhode Island bar. Gen. H——— had been the popular Chief Justice of our Supreme Court. Col. R——— was one of the most brilliant men of his day—the Sheridan of the legal profession. A Rhode Island clambake and chowder is a state institution. In the mysteries of chowder these gentlemen were unequalled as experts; there existed a generous rivalry; each had his partisans. A pleasant party had assembled to test the relative powers of Gen. H——— and Col. R———; each exceeded his previous effort; the crowd was fed; the verdict of the boys unanimous in favor of Gen. H———. Col. R——— asked consent to propose a toast to his successful competitor. He said a few words as only *he* could say and look such things, and proposed the health of Gen. H———, "The Great Chowder Head of Rhode Island!"

I overheard the following the other day between two grave fellows:—

"If you had your choice, what death would you die of?"

"Why, old age, to be sure. What would you?"

"Oh, I would be potted to death by a clever woman."

"Well, that would be *capital* punishment, to be sure!"

Various instances have been cited to prove how lazy a man may be and live, but it remains for a Michigander to cap the climax. One hot day, during the heated term of last summer, one Mr. F———, of Jackson county, was observed to throw himself on the grass under the spreading branches of a shade-tree, and to exclaim, emphatically, to himself, "There! breathe, if you want to—I shan't!"

Some years ago, in the great state of Indiana, lived and flourished a popular young preacher. He was not specially noted for his gravity, and some of his friends expressed an opinion that he was entirely too wild for one of his profession. A little girl of some ten summers replied indignantly that it was not so; at least, if he were wild at times, "he was tame enough in the pulpit!" and there the defence rested.

Rev. Mr. E———, of St. Paul, Minnesota, was inimitable as a child's orator, and was never, as we know of, disconcerted in addressing the little folks but once. He was addressing some Sunday-school scholars, and was in his usual popular and effective way enforcing the duty of gratitude to God for His blessings. "What," said he, "would you say to me if I were to give each one of you a fine new suit of clothes?" From every part of his youthful audience bright eyes twinkled with delight, and a chorus of boyish voices answered, "Bully for you!"

THE MISERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHING.

HOMELY SITTER.—"Oh, I've brought back these cartes of mine, Mr. Kammerer. My friends are very dissatisfied. They—"

PHOTOGRAPHER.—"Dear me, mam, I'm extremely sorry; I thought the portrait very—"

SITTER.—"Oh! impossible; it's hideous!"

Old Billy Taylor, whose good stories and witty sayings will long be remembered by his acquaintances, used to relate the following:—When I was young, just admitted to the bar in Kentucky, I was appointed by the court to defend a man who had been indicted for the murder of his mother. Determined to make out of the matter as much reputation for myself as the case would admit of, I took the accused aside and told him it was necessary for me, as his counsel, to know the whole truth in reference to the charge against him. After assuring him that what he might say to me could not be used against him, I put the plain question, "Did you kill your mother?" "Yes," was the reply. "What made you do it?" "Because," said he, "*she wasn't worth wintering!*"

Not long since a company of negroes was raised in the town of Piqua, who were to join a certain colored regiment being organized in Massachusetts. The night preceding their departure for the camp of rendezvous a meeting was held in the African Church, at the close of which the venerable minister, in a prayer, made the following remarkable request:—"That when these men went on the battle-field they might be as bold as lions and *harmless as doves!*"

Any one ought to be able to see the point of the following; but if he can't see it, and is anxious to do so, let him enter the army:—

Two Scotch miners were quarrelling. One of them was very boastful, and was making considerable parade of his valorous deeds. The other quietly listened until boaster had talked himself down, and then said, "Oh, yes, yer brave, nae doubt. Take aff yer shirt an' shake it, and ye can say ye *stood* where thousands *fell*." Report says boaster was annihilated.

An Irishman, Pat by name, was employed in one of the Newark manufactories. Pat had a habit of getting on sprees and neglecting his work when it was most needed. Mr. W———, one of the firm, and who had the supervision of the establishment, frequently remonstrated with him, but to little purpose, until one day, as Pat came in rather the worse for the "crathur," and became rather noisy, Mr. W——— called him into the office. After a while Pat came out, when a number went to him to hear what Mr. W——— had said this time. Pat said:

"Misther W——— is a fine man, a very gintleman."

"Well, what did he say to you?"

"Och, an' sure he talked kindly to me—just like a fahther. An' sure he is a kind-hearted Christian, an' wouldn't harrum the feelins of the manest man in the wurruld."

"Well, what did he say to you?"

"An' sure Mr. W——— is a fine man, an' he spaked to me jist like a kind fahther, an' told me if I ever came in dhrunk agin he wud kick me out of the shop!"

A REASONABLE EXCUSE.—*Mrs. Brown*—"Why, how is this, Bridget? Nine o'clock, and the fire not made yet!" *Bridget*—"Oh, ma'am, I was looking at my photographic album, an' forgot meself entirely!"

CHUBBY CHILDREN.—It should be kept before the people that babies ought to be plump. A letter from Berlin contains the following:—

"To one who has just come from America, I think hardly anything is so striking as to see such multitudes of children from six years of age down to six weeks, all ruddy, plump, and healthy. Look at the first five hundred you meet, and that universal American nuisance, a crying baby, is not to be seen. Why should they cry? They have plenty of simple food—no devouring of pound-cake. If the child asks for bread, they do not give him such a stone; have plenty of fresh air and play here, and sleep in their plump nurses' arms, and make and sleep again. The children certainly do not look so delicately beautiful as with us—fairies, but frail and fair—still, were I parent, I should thank God for the honest, round, rosy, plump faces of these children."

There is something wrong about children that are not chubby, and something wrong about children that are not full of fun and good humor.

☞ A good way to "kill time,"—sleigh it. Yes, sleigh it without distinction of age or sex.

☞ It is not kind to say of an actor that he succeeded in *executing* his character.

An American Characteristic.

A European traveller describes the United States as "a country where every man has a newspaper in his pocket." This is a very correct national characteristic, and a distinctive one from what any other nation could apply to itself. Every man in this country has not only a newspaper in his pocket, but what is better, every man knows how to read and understand it. Newspapers have been so cheap in the United States that every individual could afford to take one, and he has been so long doing this that his daily journal has become as indispensable to him as his daily food. In fact, he could do much better without some article of daily consumption on his table than to do without the daily food for his mind which a newspaper supplies, and which keeps the humblest man as well posted as his more wealthy neighbor in all matters affecting his political, social and moral good. It is the general diffusion of intelligence among the people through newspapers—that kind of intelligence which is the most practical and the most useful, because appertaining to all the movements of society, of which he is a living and breathing member—that gives such activity and earnestness to American life, and makes every individual nature self-dependent and thoroughly conscious of his manhood.

☞ It is settled by metaphysicians that there is no effect without a cause, and no cause without an effect; but instances are on record to show that when a person has lost his cause, a broker has got rid of his effects, so that both have been lost together. When this is the effect of a cause, and it is because this cause was lost that the effects are no longer to be perceived, the most effective plan is to go back to the cause, and ask yourself why without a cause you ever caused yourself to have anything to do with a cause. In this way you may find a cause for congratulation in becoming wiser for the future, which will, in that respect, show that a bad cause may ultimately have a good effect.

☞ Said a crazy woman of a penurious and stingy man—an officer in the church, we regret to say—"Do you see that man? You could blow his soul through a hum-bird's quill, into a mosquito's eye, and the mosquito wouldn't wink. La!" she continued, "they won't have to open the door of heaven but a precious little crack to let him in, I guess."

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

GOLDEN CAKE.—Half pound flour, ½ pound sugar, 6 ounces butter, yolks of 7 eggs, yellow of 1 lemon and juice. Beat butter and sugar together, and add yolks, lemon, flour, ½ teaspoonful soda, 1 cream tartar. Bake in flat pans, and ice it while warm, if possible.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—To a pint of West India, or other molasses, add the size of a hickory nut of butter, half teaspoon of pearlash; ginger to suit taste. Warm the whole together, stirring well, add your flour, work and cut as biscuit.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One teacup molasses, 1 of butter, 1 of sugar, 3 eggs, ½ teaspoon pearlash. Add the flour as in making pound cake, beat the whole to a light batter, pour in pans, bake slow.

DOUGHNUTS.—Take 3 pounds of flour, 1 pound of butter, 1½ pound of sugar; cut the butter fine into the flour; beat 6 eggs light and put them in; add 2 wineglasses of yeast, 1 pint of milk, some cinnamon, mace and nutmeg; make it up into a light dough, and put it to rise. When it is light enough, roll out the paste, cut it in small pieces, and boil them in lard.

BANNOCKS.—Two cups of Indian meal, two of flour, one tablespoonful of molasses, a little salt, one pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful saleratus. Bake in rings or pan about twenty minutes. Very light and nice.

TO TAKE BRUISES OUT OF FURNITURE.—Wet the part with warm water; double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak it, and lay it on the place; apply on that a hot flat-iron till the moisture is evaporated; if the bruise be not gone, repeat the process. Generally, after two or three applications, the dent or bruise is raised to a level with the surface. If the bruise be very small, merely soak it with warm water, and apply a red-hot poker near the surface; keep it constantly wet, and in a few minutes the bruises will disappear.

TO CLEAN BRASS ORNAMENTS.—Wash the brass work with roche alum boiled to a strong lye, in the proportion of an ounce to a pint. When dry, it must be rubbed with fine tripoli.

AGRICULTURAL.

Bee Hives.

Hives should be made in winter. If they are to be painted, it should be done some months previous to using them, that the offensive smell of the paint may pass off before introducing the bees. Swarms put into newly painted hives, especially dark colored ones, are quite apt to leave. Let the color be light, but not a clear white. It is well to alternate different colors in the yard, that the bees may more readily recognize their own hives. It is yet an open question whether painted hives are desirable. Were it not for their improved appearance, it is doubtful if the advantages would balance expenses and losses incident to their use.

But what kind of hive shall be made? The wants of the bee itself are few and simple. A barrel, box, or any cavity which will hold combs for brood and winter stores, is all it demands. In ordinary seasons, a colony will store in such a place more than is needed for winter consumption. But with this primitive arrangement, the best stores are mixed with pollen, decidedly an unpleasant compound to most persons. Hence the necessity of some contrivance by which to separate the bitter from the sweet. When it was ascertained that a partition in the hive, with holes for communication, would keep the honey separate from the pollen, an important discovery was made. Here was a fruitful field for generations of patent venders. Each had a new form of division, or a new shape for the passages, and all are more successful in obtaining patents than in anything else. In many of these, there is nothing detrimental to the bees, which is often the most that can be said in their favor. And to charge from $5 to $10 for the privilege of using such, is ridiculous, if not unjust. I never saw a patent vender of this description who did not aver that enormous quantities of honey could be secured by using his hive, all to be attributed to the peculiar screw, button, or cross-stick, upon which the patent happened to be based.

Bees will store *most* honey when they have but one apartment of a size that will just be filled by the end of the season. When this is divided, and the bees have filled one and are forced into another for want of room they will lose a little time before commencing in the second. The greater the length and the less the number and size of the passages, the longer the bees will be in commencing work there. Here, to obtain the largest amount of honey, the passages must give ample room for the bees. But if this is carried to an extreme, the whole partition will be taken away, and the original objections again arise.

The *greatest* amount of surplus can be obtained by placing the boxes directly on the frames of the movable comb, or on the slats of the cross-bar hive, where the heat generated by the bees below will keep them warm; but this honey is not always of the purest quality. By laying strips of wood a quarter of an inch square upon the frames crosswise, a great difference in the purity will be observed. These ends can be secured with the common box hive, as well as with the most costly patents.

To secure the surplus honey in good form and quality is the fundamental principle in all bee culture, and all patents, of whatever form or purpose, must be subordinate to it.

The bee-keeper has often noticed that some of his hives have more honey than is necessary for winter, and at the same time that others have but a partial supply. He has wished to be able to transfer some of the surplus to those deficient. His bees have over-swarmed, sending out many small ones not worth hiving, and reducing the old stock to ruin. How can he remedy this? He has reason to suppose a queen is lost. Is there no other way to ascertain without taking more trouble than the stock is worth? A colony has filled its hive, and many of the bees are crowded outside, losing valuable time, yet refusing to swarm in season. Is there no safe way of dividing the bees and making another swarm that can be at work? Mr. Langstroth has given us a movable comb hive with which all these and other operations can be performed. Many others, following in the path he has opened, have patented a variety of forms, some of which are no improvement.

The question, Will it pay? should be discussed and answered affirmatively before obtaining this hive. It is not claimed that bees will work faster in this than any other hive. Very much depends on the person who has control, and the number of stocks to be managed. On one side there is the cost of the right and increased cost of construction. On the other is the convenience of readily securing the advantages just mentioned. If a man know too little of the natural history of bees to take advantage of even a part of the facilities offered by movable combs, he had better be content with the simple box.

To winter bees successfully it is necessary to keep them warm, and at the same time dispose of the moisture always generated in the hive. Several patents have been granted for particular openings, and the manner of condensing the moisture, which are no improvement on the box hive with the holes left open in the top. Some are made with double walls, enclosing a dead air space. This retains the warmth, but does not get rid of the moisture. Straw is valuable in absorbing moisture and retaining heat, and bees will winter in the open air in the best manner possible in hives made of this material. Corn cobs are highly recommended for the same purpose, but unless they are superior to straw, the trouble of preparing them will be so much more that they will be rejected. From the thousands of little air cells in the leaf of the cattail, this would seem to be even better material than straw or cobs. The conical shape of the old fashioned straw hive is not adapted to improved bee culture, and if straw is used, some of the new forms should be adopted.

Nearly if not quite all other pretended conveniences in a bee-hive are balanced by a correspondence, perhaps created by this very convenience. I advise bee-keepers generally to avoid patents, and adopt hives with reference to quantity, quality, and form of surplus honey—facility of operating with the bees, and advantages for winter ventilation.—*M. Quinby, in Country Gentleman.*

☞ A witty saying of M. Dumas, the younger, is amusing Paris. The Empress is said to have invited him to Compiegne, adding to her courtesy and assurance that all the guests were to enjoy full liberty in the chateau. "What a pity, then, Madame," said M. Dumas, "that all France has not been invited!"

☞ Picket—A chap who is sent out to borrow tobacco of the enemy for the officers.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 15, 13, 18, 16, 17, 10, 11, is the name of an article of food.
My 2, 7, 11, 5, 10, is a domestic animal.
My 12, 9, 3, 4, 19, 6, is an appellation sometimes given to God.
My 14, 18, 16, 17, 10, 11, is an article of great value to the human race.
My 6, 13, 8, is a child's toy.
My 11, 7, 13, 19, 18, 10, 11, is a species of fowl.
My 16, 10, 16, 8, 2, 4, 19, is a city in Tennessee.
My 12, 7, 8, 8, 10, 3, is a mineral.
My whole is one of the most famous names in American history. J. D. MURPHY.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in tarts, but not in pies.
My 2d is in mouth, but not in eyes.
My 3d is in loss, but not in find.
My 4th is in resist, but not in mind.
My 5th is in bright, but not in dull.
My 6th is in empty, but not in full.
My 7th is in rich, also in poor.
My 8th is in seven, but not in four.
My 9th is in love, but not in hate.
My 10th is in stove, but not in grate.
My 11th is in vine, but not in tree.
My 12th is in eight, also in three.
My whole is never rightly appreciated until lost to us. MACE.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The first should be our greatest treasure.
The second is the person who speaks.
The third is an article.
The whole is a person who believes in the first. H. W. MEYER.
Newtonbury, Wis.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a verb meaning to stop.
My second is a numeral.
My whole is the name of an island on the coast of America. S. HORACE G.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Scriptural Enigma.

1. A word which was the test of death or life.
2. A lovely maiden chosen a king's wife.
3. The fountain raised for Samson in his need.
4. A city David from great danger freed.
5. With whom did Gideon go his foes to spy?
6. The second man on earth who did not die.
7. What priest to David of the shew-bread gave?
8. A swiftly-running Ethiopian slave.
9. The father of the king who Pekah slew.
10. Who all the hearts of Israel to him drew?
11. One who despised the means which wrought his cure.
12. Who in temptation kept himself still pure?
13. Who to the Roman church did Paul commend?
14. To whom did Ahaz altar patterns send?
15. The woman who concealed and saved two spies.
16. Whose ghost the witch at Endor made to rise?
17. The man who touched the ark of God and died.
18. To whom did Abram all he had confide?
19. The Gittite who his master served through all.
20. The noted traitor who accused Paul.

These lines enshrine a rule,
For those who peace pursue;
Seek peace on earth, and you will find
Heaven's peace will come to you.

Astronomical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In latitude 36 degrees, the sun was due east, when the number of degrees from noon was double his altitude. Required, the time of observation. GILL. BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

Interest Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Supposing A. owes B. $354.34, which is running up on simple interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Now, if A. pays B. $1 daily on the interest and capital thereof, (interest also to be accounted on A.'s payments,) in what time will the whole debt, with all its interest, be discharged? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find four positive integral numbers, the sum of any three of which shall be a fifth power. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What creatures took the smallest amount of baggage along when they entered the ark? Ans.—The cock and the fox; they had only one comb and one brush between them.

☞ What was Pharaoh's objection to Moses? Ans.—He found him more plague than prophet.

☞ Why is a person annoyed by a fool like one who falls into the sea? Ans.—Because he is a man over-bored.

☞ "Mary," asked Charles, "what animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the whispered reply.

☞ What is there which, supposing the greatest breadth to be four inches, length nine inches, and depth three inches, contains a solid foot? Ans.—A shoe.

Answers to Last.

REBUS—Peace, (Pear, Eagle, Absalom, Carnation, Euterpe.) CHARADE—Horsemanship. RIDDLE—When will this war end?

Answer to G. C.'s PROBLEM, published Dec. 17th, 1864:—

$7.01 3/3 4/4 8/12, A's share. $5.26 1/3 0/4 8/12, B's share.

$4.21 1/3 8/12, C's share. $3.50 3/3 0/4 0/12, D's share.

Total, $20.—Gus Bumgardner, Thos. Irish, F. W. Lang, Jas. M. Greenwood, and Morgan Stevens.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, same date:—31 years, 5 months, 12 days. Jas. M. Greenwood and Morgan Stevens.